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On some Peculiarities in dated Tamil Inscriptions.

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The Tamil and Malayalam portions of Southern India share with Orissa and Bengal the practice of a dual reckoning of time, solar and lunar, while, over the greater part of the rest of India the actual reckoning is lunar, with a solar basis or support, which basis or support, however, rests as it were in the background or below the surface and is seldom referred to by any one except the calendar-maker. The practice of reckoning time by solar months and days of solar months in addition to reckoning it by lunar months and lunar tithis, is of fairly long standing in what we might call the *saura* (or solar reckoning) countries. We find it illustrated in inscriptions of the Eighth century in the Tamil and Canarese countries, and we have still earlier traces of it in the Eastern Gânga or Kalinganagara grants of Orissa. The essence of the system lies in coupling a solar month (with or without the day of the month) with the lunar tithi of the particular day (without mention, however, of the lunar month to which the tithi belongs), to which combination is generally added, in the Tamil country, the nakshatra of the day as well as the vâra or week-day. The practice is as much in vogue to-day in its essential parts as it was a thousand years ago, and is fully attested by inscriptions of that time. To this day I understand a *Srāddha* in memory of one's parents is performed in the Tamil countries in the *solar* month but on the *lunar* tithi, on which the commemorated event originally occurred; and most festivals in Southern India run in the names of solar months, coupled with particular nakshatras; e. g., *Avani mûlam, Tai Púsam, Purattâsi Kârtigai, Panguni Uttaram*, etc.

To understand the system of reckoning time followed in the Tamil inscriptions, we have only to combine the ordinary Tamil practice in regard to *Srâddhas* with the ordinary Tamil practice in regard to festivals, and then we have the composite reckoning of which the regular elements are:—

(1) the solar month;
(2) the lunar paksha and tithi;
(3) the nakshatra, and
(4) the vâra or week-day.

[I have placed the vâra last, but as a matter of fact the nakshatra usually stands last in Tamil inscriptions.]

To add the *day* of the solar month as a fifth item was, until the fourteenth century A.D. quite optional and, we may add, strictly exceptional.

Amidst so much particularity of details in regard to dates, we notice one peculiar omission, that of the *year*. Whereas, in other parts of India, the year according to some known era (known, that is, at the time of the record), commonly enters into the epigraphic record, mention of such years is almost invariably omitted in South Indian (Tamil) inscriptions up to, say, the middle of the 14th century. While the Cholas and the Pandyas were in power, the only year expressed in their records was the regnal year of the ruler who was recognized at the place of inscription.

At first sight it would appear that nothing can be made of such a record for chronological purposes, since the dates of commencement of the several reigns referred to in the inscriptions are the very thing we want to know and the inscriptions assume knowledge of these, to us, unknown factors.

Nevertheless, where we have a full date including what I have called the fifth element, namely, the day of the solar month, the investigator has no great or serious task before him in discovering the A. D. year of an inscription. When, for instance, we know that a date was the 22nd day of Solar Chittrai (= Mêsha) and the 20th tithi of Lunar Vaisâkha, we know *ipso facto* that in the particular solar year Vaisâkha *Sukla pratipada* must have occurred about 2 days later than the 1st Chittrai or *Mêsha Sankrânti*. In other words, only one out of every cycle of 19 Solar years would be such a year as we are in search of, and accordingly, taking every nineteenth year of the kind, we discard all those years in the series which will not suit our week-day. In the result, we shall generally find that a date such as that we are confronted with can occur only once in 95 years or once in 122 or 141 years, or once in 217 or 301 years, or, as is sometimes the case, only once in 423 years. If now we have reliable information from the epigraphist, after an examination of the inscribed characters, as to the period to which they must be referred, a very little search will suffice to disclose to us the exact day, month and year which answer our date, although we started without any knowledge of the era epoch, or cyclic year in which the record was framed.

Full dates containing all the *five* elements are comparatively few in Southern India, if we confine our attention to Chola and Pandya reigns of the 13th century; still we have on an average one such date in every reign, whether Chola or Pandya, and these rare dates are very helpful in determining historical landmarks. One hopelessly damaged record, in which the words "Tribhuvanachakravarthin Jatâvarman Srivallabha's 9th year, 11th Mêsha, paurnami, and Tuesday" were all that remained, and even these were with difficulty deciphered by the Epigraphist, sufficed, *because of the mention made of the day of the Solar month*, to disclose the fact that that Srivallabha, about whom nothing whatever was known, began to reign in the year A.D. 1291.

Such illuminating references to the day of the Solar month are, as already stated, few and far between, and the ordinary full record is one of four elements only, subject to the further drawback that a combination of a particular solar month, vâra tithi and nakshatra may be expected to recur once in 3, 7, or 10 years, not merely once in a century at the most as in the case of the five element dates. Even here, however, the chronological investigator need not despair. Given three or four dates, presumably of the same reign, and given also some broad palæographic or other hint as to the period, he may rely on the laws of numbers to indicate to him with almost as much certainty as in the first case, the day, month, and year he is in search of. How this happens may best be illustrated by a practical example.

17 MAR 1917 MADRAS

A certain *Maravarman Srivallabha* is frequently referred to in inscriptions apparently of the thirteen century. The following three dates were the only ones containing as many as four elements :—

(1) 15th year ; Makara ; Sukla 10 ; Thursday ; "Rohini".

(2) 19th year ; Simha ; Sukla 12 ; Monday ; "Uttara Ashada".

(3) 21st year ; Mithuna ; Sukla 4 ; Saturday ; "Magha".

(4) 26th year ; Kumbha, Monday ; dvadasi ; "Punarvasu".

(5) 35th year ; Kanni ; Paurnami ; Monday ; "Rêvati"

Each of these combinations was found to occur about a dozen times in the course of the 100 years from A.D. 1250 to A.D. 1350, within which the reign lay according to palæographic evidence.

The actual recurrences were as follows :—

1st date 15th year A. D. Jan. - Feb.	2nd date 19th year A. D. August.	3rd date 21st year A. D. June.	4th date 26th year, prob. an error for 27th, A. D. Jan. - Feb.	5th date 35th year A. D. September.
1264	1251	1254	1260	1274
*1271	1255	1268	1267	1277
1291	1258	1271	*1284	*1291
*1298	1265	1274	1294	1294
1312	1268	*1278	*1311	1301
1315	1278	1281	1338	*1318
1318	1282	1291		1325
1325	1285	1295		1328
1335	1292	1298		
1339	1295	*1305		
1342	1299	1308		
	*1302	1322		
	1309	1325		
	1312	1332		
	1319	1342		
	1326	1349		
	1336			
	1339			

It was clear that the actual years corresponding to the five dates, whatever they were, must be separated *inter se* by the same intervals as the dates themselves, i.e., by an interval of 4 or 5 years between the 1st and 2nd dates, an interval of 2 years between the 2nd and 3rd dates, an interval of 5 years between the 3rd and 4th dates, and an interval of 8 or 9 years between the 4th and 5th dates. Only one series of years during the century under examination satisfied this condition, namely : 1298, 1302, 1305, 1311 and 1318.

Another series of years, 1271, 1278, 1284, 1291, gives four of the dates, *viz.*, the 1st, 3rd, 4th and 5th, but not the 2nd.†

There was thus in the end only one possible solution in the course of a hundred years, and the 15th year of the reign in question had to be identified with the year A.D. 1298, indicating that the reign must have commenced in A.D. 1284.

All dates, even when they profess to give four elements, are not necessarily *regular* ; especially is this the case with the solar month which, as often as not, is found to be wrongly cited. A combination of a nakshatra with a particular tithi, expressed as belonging to the bright or dark fortnight, can ordinarily occur only in one solar month in the year, or at most in only one of two neighbouring solar months, and people who have frequently to look into *panchangas* know from experience what solar month to expect when a bright or dark tithi is mentioned as combining with a particular nakshatra. How does it happen, then, that in about half the number of dated Tamil inscriptions, the wrong solar month is cited, wrong not only by a month or two, but sometimes by a whole half year or more ?

This is a problem which I offer for the consideration of those who have access to such records and who are in a position to formulate definite views

† These years are marked in the above table with asterisks.

regarding the sources from which these records were compiled. Accident such as will sometimes introduce an error into the most carefully compiled records, is not enough to account for these discrepancies. I have read somewhere that the tombstone of His late Majesty King Edward VII states that he died in the ninth year of his reign, whereas he died in the tenth. Again, I have seen at Masulipatam two slabs, one evidently put up in the sixties and the other more recently, both giving a long detailed account of the tidal wave which destroyed a portion of Masulipatam in, I think, 1864. Each of the slabs is an exact copy of the other but there is a difference of a year between the dates on them. The errors in Solar months in Tamil inscriptions cannot all of them be accidental errors of this description. Nor could they have been due to ignorance; for the putting down of a tithi and a nakshatra involved a reference to a panchânga, and the same reference would have led to correct information being obtained regarding the solar month. I fancy the reason is to be found in some peculiarity which underlay the relation of the inscribed record to the written record of which it was, or professed to be, a copy. It seems to me that except where the official in charge of the village or temple records handed over to the stone-mason an exact copy of the written official record containing tithi, nakshatra, vâra, solar month and regnal year, in which case only very trivial errors could by any chance find their way into the stone copy, the solar month and what appears to be its counterpart, the tithi *cum* nakshatra, were really parts of different records which by some well understood practice were combined in the stone copy. It is possible that what the accountant ordinarily handed to the engraver or the person who employed the latter, was an extract containing only the regnal year in which the transaction was recorded, the day of the same, and the solar month, and that afterwards the *day* of the regnal year was in the act of inscription replaced by the tithi and nakshatra of the day of inscription, the latter particulars being considered more suitable for a permanent record. On this assumption it may of course have been perfectly well known that the inscribed *tithi and nakshatra* did not tally with the inscribed month, but what did it matter, if nobody was likely to be misled by the discrepancy? The above might account for cases in which the inscribed solar month was earlier than that of the inscribed tithi and nakshatra. In other cases, if a worshipper had come from a great distance to make, say, an offering of sheep, cows, or buffaloes, or to pay for a perpetual lamp at a favourite shrine, and was in a hurry to go away and could not find the officials who would make themselves responsible for erecting a proper stone record of his gift, he would probably arrange to put one up at once with the permission of the temple trustees. It is possible that in such informal records the vâra, tithi and nakshatra were alone inscribed, blanks being left for the official particulars (viz. regnal year, solar month and day of regnal year) to be inserted afterwards from the official entry when one came to be made in due course in the village or temple records. Here again the discrepancy would not matter, if the practice was well understood; and in any case the pious worshipper could go away with the consolation that even without the official entry, there was a permanent record of the time of the gift and the name and circumstances of the donor. The frequent changes of rulers in medieval Southern India perhaps account for the anxiety of donors of gifts to record their acts of piety permanently in stone, but we are not to suppose that change of rulership caused any violent disturbance in the internal administration of a village, least of all in the village records. [The village accountant probably headed his entries with the name and style of the new ruler as well as with the regnal year of which presumably official notice was sent to him from the head-quarters of the *kottam*

17 MAR 1917 MADRAS

and *nâdu*, but the ordinary ryot was, as indeed is expressed in various ways in current Tamil proverbs, unaffected by changes of kings and dynasties. "What do I care which king has come to the throne?", is a saying which may have gained currency at a time when every day brought rumours of a new king. Again the proverb, "what do I care which Pandya is the ruler of a particular district—(S i r m a i)", probably refers specifically to the distribution of the Pandya dominions among five Pandyas and the consequent confusion of rulers' names in the lay mind.] Still, there was a fear that gifts might be disputed even in the near future owing to the change of rulers and dynasties, and donors may have been reasonably anxious in troublous times to have an independent permanent record which would enable reference to be made, when necessary, to the village record, the latter being, as it is now, the only regular evidence admissible in a court of law. For this reason it was necessary that the stone record in case it had its own *vâra, tithi* and *nakshatra*, should be linked up with the village records by containing a reference to the month and regnal year entered in the latter, and it is not unnatural to suppose that this reference may have been engraved subsequently to the engraving of the rest of the inscription. The date in a Tamil stone record always places the name of the king, the regnal year, and the solar month in the first or conspicuous place and gives the second place only to *tithi, vâra* and *nakshatra*. The majority of records too contain no tithi, vara and nakshatra at all; but there are few stone records among those that have come to us intact, which omit the name of the king and the regnal year. These latter data are, as a rule, and, taken by themselves, quite useless for chronological investigation, but the preponderance of records of this class seems to show that the official particulars to which the chief or evidentiary value was attached and which were almost invariably reproduced in stone were well-defined, though limited in number, as contrasted with those other particulars (*tithi, vara* and *nakshatra*), which might or might not find a place in the official record, but which inscribers occasionally thought it prudent or auspicious to introduce into their stone record or copy. Side by side with some such well understood and prevalent practice, was the fact that there was no practice of *checking* these records, and that correction was unusual, or perhaps was prohibited, as a rule, in the public interests even in case of error. These facts, the absence of check and the possible prohibition of corrections, had their full influence in bequeathing to posterity a crop of errors in inscriptions due to the carelessness or ignorance of the scribe or engraver. Thus we find "14th" for "4th" tithi, "bright" for "dark" fortnight, "Mithuna" for "Mina", "Pusam" (very often) for "Puram", "16th" or "11th" for "19th" etc., etc.

Another frequent source of embarrassment in Tamil dates is the loose manner in which the well-known rule about the tithi and nakshatra *of the day* was applied in practice. The tithi or nakshatra of a day is, properly speaking, that which is current at sunrise on the day in question, but in practice a day is very often named in the Tamil inscriptions after the tithi or nakshatra current at the *next* sunrise and merely *commencing* on the day in question. Cases of this kind are so numerous in Tamil inscriptions that it would be unsafe to pronounce a date as irregular merely because it quoted a tithi or nakshatra not current at sunrise on the week-day referred to. I have come across cases in which the same tithi and nakshatra are quoted for two days in succession, once incorrectly on the day of commencement, and the second time correctly on the day of termination of the tithi and nakshatra. I happen to have just now a neat illustration in Madras inscriptions Nos. 550 and 563 of 1912, dated in the 14th year of the Chola King Rajaraja III in both of which the same tithi and nakshatra are

cited, namely, "Rishabha, *Sukla* 10" and "Attam" (= "Hasta" Nakshatra), but with a different week-day in each case, *viz.*, Wednesday and Thursday. The reference is to Wednesday 22nd May and Thursday 23rd May, A.D. 1230. The *tithi* and *nakshatra* came to an end on Thursday, 22 ghatikas and 10 ghatikas respectively after sunrise; of course both commenced on Wednesday. To justify such a citation the tithi or nakshatra must, as a rule, have been current for the greater part of the day of commencement, but this is not always the case. I can cite instances of a nakshatra current only in the last few hours or ghatikas of a day and commencing in fact in what we should call the very early hours of the morning before sunrise and nevertheless giving its name to the date of commencement, *i.e.*, the day *before* the sunrise at which it was current. This was perhaps because it was the nakshatra of the *moment*, and the moment may have been propitious as a *muhurta* or auspicious time for a ceremony. A tithi dealt with in this way must be looked upon either as very auspicious indeed or else (from the chronologist's point of view) as very suspicious.

All these errors as well as errors in solar months, however glaring they may be to our eyes, have to be viewed with indulgence and rectified as far as practicable, because they are parts of a whole which we wish to construct or rather to reconstruct as quickly as possible. Already we have so many dates in regard to most of the Chola kings of the 10th, 11th and 12th centuries that we can *dispense* with the doubtful dates among them in making historical statements concerning those reigns, but we must remember that these doubtful dates were often the *indispensable* scaffolding by means of which experts like the late Prof. Kielhorn were able gradually to complete the entire structure. We are not yet in this position in regard to the Pandya reigns of the same time and much patience, tact and ingenuity, and above all, much indulgence is necessary in handling the doubtful dates and errors which in turn must serve as the scaffolding for a Pandya history. Not till we have gathered sufficient material for each reign shall we be in a position to estimate the true value and significance to be attached to each date, whether certain or fairly certain, doubtful or very doubtful.

University Reform.

I.

A scheme for University reform should provide large capabilities for evolution and for adaptation to new needs. It should not, however, involve waste of existing educational agencies or materials, or the surrender by any body of educationists now at work, of the purposes which brought them into existence.

It should aim at the freest and broadest diffusion of general University culture. It should provide facilities for the opening of new colleges, and also means for turning all existing colleges to the best account.

It should also aim at the widest possible diffusion of such technical knowledge as the people and the resources of any given area might need for improving commerce and industries, and also of such knowledge as any community or sect might desire for their own social and religious purposes.

Evolution, not revolution, should be the guiding principle in all the details of the scheme. It should not call for much change in the financial

OFFICE ... 17 MAR 1917 ... MADRAS.

relations between Government and University education. The maximum change allowable should be a change in the use and distribution of funds now placed at the disposal of the University by Government. But between Government and existing institutions, there should be no change at all; for these institutions owe much of their efficiency and of their lands and properties to Government and to the help which the past has entitled them to expect in the future; to interfere with the pecuniary assistance now given to them would be to diminish their usefulness or perhaps to drive them altogether out of existence.

A scheme of reform should remove the defects which have been observed to exist in the University as it is now working.

II

The following brief outline of a scheme would seem to secure most of these aims and purposes.

1. There would be one Government University in the Presidency and it should be under the supreme control of the Director of Public Instruction.

2. This University would be divided into FACULTIES, *i.e.*, into groups of colleges within easy distance of each other, say, the Madras Faculty, the Kumbaconam Faculty, the Trichinopoly Faculty, and others, and still more as first and second grade colleges would come into existence.

3. The jurisdiction of the Faculties would be determined by Government, not according to the divisions of the Presidency into Districts, but according to the grouping of colleges.

4. Each Faculty would be governed by a Rector, a Senate, and a Syndicate, assisted by Boards of Studies, and served by a Registrar and other officials.

5. Each Faculty would draw up its own bye-laws subject to the sanction of Government and be provided with its own senate-house and offices.

6. Programmes of studies would be of two kinds, Government programmes and Faculty programmes. Government programmes would determine courses of studies common to all the Faculties. Faculty programmes, which should be sanctioned by Government, would provide chiefly for local opportunities, needs, and desires.

7. Examinations:—Question papers on Government programmes would be set and the character and scope of oral examinations determined by a Board of Examiners appointed by the D. P. I. Question-papers on Faculty programmes would be set by examiners appointed by the Faculties and would be submitted to the D. P. I. for approval.

8. Answer-papers would be valued and oral examinations held by examiners appointed by the Faculties, but the valuation of the work done would be controlled by one or more officers appointed by the D. P. I.

Degrees would be of two kinds, Government degrees and Faculty degrees. They would be conferred at Convocation in each Faculty.

III

We want more Universities. This point need not be urged.

The Faculties proposed are separate Universities independent of each other, and working for the country and for their locality. No Faculty, however, should be independent of Government, unless it had such funds of its own and a record of such faithful and successful work as would entitle it to exist *jure suo*.

Though it is desirable that each college and Faculty should stamp its own distinctive mark on its own men, it is nevertheless necessary that all graduates of the Presidency should, *cæteris paribus*, be on the same footing as regards chances of employment and success in the professions. This could not be secured better than by placing the supreme control of higher education in the hands of Government; and it is for this reason that in this scheme, all the Faculties, though they are really independent Universities, are called the

Government University of Madras. Under the influence of a healthy rivalry, some of the Faculties would distinguish themselves in one or other branch of learning, and the qualifications of professors and the opportunities afforded by colleges attached to Faculties, would count with parents in choosing a centre of education for their children. The value of a degree would be to some extent determined by the Faculty in which it was taken, but in all cases it would be a Government University degree.

Government programmes would prevent the standards of education from falling too low in any Faculty, and Faculty programmes would give colleges the chance of doing exceptional, or exceptionally good work; they would also supply the needs and satisfy the desires of different communities. Examples: The presence of an exceptionally good professor in a college, say, a professor of Indian Economics, or of Sciences, or the opportunity afforded by an excellently equipped laboratory, could be at once availed of to raise even the Government programmes in a Faculty. A good chemical laboratory and a museum of local geological specimens, and the presence of an expert in jewellery, would enable the Trichinopoly Faculty to add a useful technical side to its other activities; electric work and various trades might be added. The need of Schools or Colleges which would give instruction and training in arts, trades, and manufacture is obvious.

As regards the professions, if the Faculties were not able themselves to provide Law, Engineering, Medical, and Agricultural colleges, Government would find at the head-quarters of the Faculties, law courts, work-shops, large agricultural areas, and large hospitals; all that is necessary to make suitable sites for Government Colleges. Colleges of this kind in a Faculty would be a great help to it; and even if they were of a grade inferior to the professional colleges in the Madras city Faculty, they could prepare for an inferior though complete degree and be preparatory to the higher colleges in the Madras city Faculty. Second grade professional colleges might thus be multiplied throughout the Presidency. They would not only relieve the congestion in the Madras city colleges, but they would also do their share in diffusing professional knowledge.

This scheme also includes the satisfaction of the legitimate desires of different sects of the community. India is a country of denominations and most colleges are denominational. This fact should not be lost sight of in any scheme of education for India. Examples: In Trichinopoly there is a Protestant college, a Catholic college, and an Indian high-school which is likely to become very soon a second grade college. Why should it not be allowed to work out the purpose of its founders? It was founded avowedly to save Hindu youths from the influence of the two Christian colleges, and to provide them at once with ancient Hindu religious teaching and modern secular teaching. A Trichinopoly Faculty programme of Philosophy on pantheistic principles would be a satisfaction for the Trichinopoly Hindu community. For similar reasons there might be Faculty programmes of Philosophy on theistic principles for other sections of the Hindu community, and for Mahomedans, and for Christians. Theology, properly so-called, is a science which could not be brought within Government or Faculty programmes; Christian theology could not. Anyhow, the idle but recurring reproach of a godless education would have to cease before these Faculty programmes.

The view of educational finances taken in this scheme is of great importance. The financial assistance now given to the Madras University would be differently used and distributed. Government grants to University education and funds now at the disposal of the Madras University, would be distributed to the Faculties according to their needs and according to their ability to meet educational

wants whether general or local. A large portion of these funds would be used at the start to build senate-houses and offices, to open Faculty libraries, to open professional colleges, if only of a second grade type, in the Mofussil, and to enable colleges to increase their very inadequate hostel accommodation. In all these cases Government would no doubt be fair and wise. If Government money were used, for instance, to secure for the Presidency the lectures of an expert on any subject, every Faculty giving instruction in this subject should have the same rights to the services of the expert.

This change in the use and distribution of University grants and funds is the only change required by this scheme. The financial relations between Government and the colleges should not be touched. There is probably no college in the Presidency able to live on the foundations it may have and its fee-income. They must count on the varying grants and donations of friends and benefactors, and they must be able to count on a grant from Government which would not fall below a certain minimum.

Besides, as most colleges are denominational, they received their first endowments and continue to receive help from societies and benefactors on very definite conditions, and on the fulfilment of these conditions depends for many their very existence. But whatever be the denominational purposes of these institutions, they have contributed much to the spread of education in the country, and they could not continue their good work if they were called upon to make any change in the character and special organisation of their management. It would be very unfair to Government to attribute to denominational colleges all the excellent work they have been able to do. Without grants-in-aid received from Government their work for education would have been microscopic, and it would become microscopic to-day if they were refused Government aid or if they were required to make any serious change in their organisation and management.

The reform advocated in this scheme is only a re-formation of the Madras University so as to enable education to reach out in new directions. It supposes no change in educational finances, except a change in the distribution of Government grants to the University and of University funds. It supposes no change in existing colleges, except a grouping of them into Faculties instead of affiliation to the abstraction called the Madras University. But it proposes a change in programmes and examinations which is very urgently needed. Nothing more unsuited to the days in which we live can be imagined than our programmes and our means of testing the ability of students. Happily the blame is not attributable to any person or persons. It is all due to the process of affiliating colleges. This process served its purpose when colleges were very few; but now that colleges have grown in numbers and are scattered over the whole area of the Madras Presidency, it has become harmful. One Board of Studies sitting in Madras and usually guided or powerfully influenced by one mind, draws up programmes and appoints text-books for 47 colleges and thousands of students scattered over an area within a radius of about 600 miles; and though there are as many views and tastes and convictions in the matter of teaching as there are individual teachers, yet all must teach the same thing in the same way; if not, candidates for examination must fail. But students should be examined in the subject-matter of the instruction they receive and the development of their talents under that instruction should be tested. And lecturers should be able to give to their students their very best, whatever that may be, whether art or scholarship, logical or elegant thought and expression, the facts of history or deductions from them, pure or applied mathematics, and so on. But this cannot be done with the methods of a University composed of so many affiliated

colleges. It can be done by the methods suggested in this scheme.

The obvious means to secure really efficient instruction and examinations would be, in a better world than this, to leave programmes and examinations in the hands of the Faculties. This is the course this scheme would have suggested, if perfection in the parts did not in this case spell imperfection in the whole. We must not forget that a large number of people would estimate the worth of a Faculty by the output of graduates, not by the output of real University men; we must also remember that there might be professors and examiners who might not be impervious to the charms of popularity. Educational standards might, therefore, fall very low; programmes might be drawn up for the sake of examinations only, and examinations might be held for the sake of 'passes' only. It seems necessary that standards should be fixed by Goverment programmes, and examinations under Government control should enforce them. But to give fair play to the lecturers and to students in the Faculties, the Faculties should be allowed a large share in the examination of their own men.

The Keynotes of English Poetry.

[*By* S. AMBRAVANESWAR, B.A. HONS. (14), B.L.]

Poetry is the richest possession of a nation. It expresses the thoughts, hopes, and aspirations of the most gifted in the land; it is a record of contemporary happenings and an inspiration to progress; it enshrines the treasure of knowledge gathered through experience and revelation. The poetic mind reflects and even fashions the ideals of the age; it is responsive to the subtle influence of the times which it assists in shaping into definite purposes. Poetry is a link between generations; it stores up and transmits the most precious thoughts of the past which are the cherished heritage of the nation. It influences all the currents of ideas and activities; it is influenced by them. It throws politics into a ferment and religion into a burning ecstasy, it prevents the evils of social stagnation, it quickens the æsthetic faculties, it makes heroes of men and crowns them with immortality. The greatest generals and rulers envy the supremacy of the poet. Wolfe in the flush of success wished he had been the author of a poem rather than the conqueror of Quebec. Carlyle in his downright fashion has significantly enthroned King Shakespeare above the Parliament and Empire. In an extremely attractive essay, Hazlitt contrasts the achievements of men of thought with those of men of action. The personal equation, however, enters largely into any adjudication on the merits of the parties concerned; but it cannot be denied that literature of the right spirit and sort is more enduring and inspiring than empires which the sword shapes or the sceptre sways.

The force of Literature to create and direct ideals manifests itself in the different epochs of history. The writings of Voltaire and Rousseau prepared the way for the French Revolution; intellectual revolt preceded the national outburst of violence against tyranny and oppression. The ideals and principles which wrought the Revolution in its early stage, compelled for a time the admiration and conquered the minds of writers in England. The gospel of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality was welcomed with enthusiasm and it found stirring utterance in English poetry.

Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, and Keats asserted in poetry their independence and individuality in respect alike of form and substance. The Lake School revolutionised the method and materials of poetry. Byron voiced the restless spirit of the age, and Shelley winged upwards in his poetic flight to catch a glimpse of the millennium that was deemed to be fast approaching. Keats contended for the recognition of the æsthetic element and proclaimed that "Beauty is Truth, and Truth Beauty; this is all you know on earth and all you need to know." Meanwhile, the Revolution proceeded apace; the reign of terror followed. Hopes were quenched in despair, despotism appeared riding on the crest of hydra-headed democracy; Napoleon seized and occupied the place of the Bourbons. The failure of the ideals of the Revolution chilled the poets who had been warmest in the adoration of the Goddess of Liberty. It turned Wordsworth into a philosopher, Byron into a social rebel, Shelley into an irrepressible visionary, and made Keats a confirmed devotee of Beauty. The literature of the age of Wordsworth manifests alike the influence of the thoughts which started the French revolution and the reaction caused by the failure of the high hopes of a new heaven and a new earth. The effect of French ideas and politics never made itself felt so intensely. In our own day, the dynamic force of literature is felt in the teachings of the philosophers, generals, and historians that have moulded the spirit of Prussianism, erected war into a fetish, exalted might over right, and brought two civilizations into conflict.

As potent as the destructive energy set in operation by literature is its constructive and elevating achievement. English poetry is pre-eminently characterised by the spirit which unifies and uplifts. It is a living and growing literature, progressive and national in its impulses. The influence of this literature is responsible for the general awakening in Modern India in the sphere of politics, religion, letters, and society, for the stirrings of a new life and the beginnings of a glorious Renaissance. Western Education has communicated the Promethean spark which has brightened and warmed the faculties of the East. Western ideals and culture have been diffused in India through the medium of the language of Shakesphere and Milton, Wordsworth and Browning, Burke and Sheridan, Mill and Gladstone, Tennyson and Morley. It is not hard, then, to realise the force of those formative agencies and the importance of the results achieved in the political, social, economic, and intellectual life of the country. These effects of English Literature lead us on to consider the notes which intensify the appeal of English Literature to mankind.

The outstanding feature of English literature, as of every true literature, is its freshness and universality. In order to pass as a precious legacy from generation to generation, the thoughts coined into words should be such as will find currency forever. It is this ever-continuing freshness that De Quincey ascribes to the 'Literature of Power' as distinguished from the 'Literature of Knowledge'; that makes certain works immortal and gives them the power to appeal to all races at all times. It is to be found only in that literature which is rooted in the depths of human nature and emotion and intellect all the world over.

A few generalisations will bring into relief the secret of the *universal appeal* of English Literature. Whatever may be said of English politics or economics, England surely is not insular in her literature. The spirit which informs it, is irresistible in its attraction. It is essentially human in its depths and national in its outlook. The idea of freedom individual and national runs through English Literature. Liberty is almost its life-breath—liberty in the majestic periods of Milton's *Areopagetica*, the rapturous idealism of Shelley's poetry, the restless anarchy of Byron, and the calmness of

Tennysons' flawless verse. This spirit utters itself in the lines—

> "We must be free or die
> Who speak the tongue
> That Shakespear spake,
> The faith and morals hold
> That Milton held."

Or again,

> "Freedom's battle once begun
> Is bequeathed from bleeding sire to son."

This refrain of Liberty is intensified in tone by associating freedom with the welfare of the motherland, by fusing it with warm patriotism. Nothing is dear, no sacrifice heavy, if required in the interests of the country. Factions vanish, controversy is hushed, in times of national peril. The religious animosities between Roman Catholics and Protestants, embittered by persecution and the stake, were hushed and laid to rest when the pretentious Spanish Armada threatened English independence during Elizabeth's reign. And to-day the predominance of national feeling is revealed in the disappearance of controversial measures and problems from the range of heated practical agitation. This national feeling is the firm basis of English greatness and solidarity as a nation. "Who dies if England lives?" is a favourite inspiriting interrogation.

But the freedom for which English literature stands is not license. It is not unqualified liberty misguided and uncontrolled, that is held up as an ideal. *It is Freedom within the limits of law*, and *in consonance with orderly and harmonious evolution.* Restrictions are necessary to delimit the boundaries of freedom between one citizen and another and between one state and another. It is not an encroachment but a safeguard to define by law the limits of liberty; only thus can the freedom of all and of the commonwealth be ensured. This subdued note of freedom is equally characteristic of English constitutional progress; there has been no divorce between the ideals of the poet and the activities of statesmen. Law regulates, but does not impair, liberty; order facilitates, but does not retard its march. This idea dominates the lines

> Sovereign Law, the State's collected will
> Over thrones and empires, sits elate
> Crowning good, repressing ill," —

and inspires the love

> "For freedom broadening down from
> precedent to precedent",—

while it is the undertone of the *Children's Cry*:—

> "How long, oh, how long!
> Will you move the world on a child's
> heart—?"

Law is, thus, a prop and not a drag; it supports freedom and trains it to grow. Liberty, orderly and harmonious, is the watchword foremost in English literature. The sense of freedom, consecrated by patriotism and controlled by law, pervades English literature making alike its strength and sobriety. To it is due the cheery optimism and ultimate success of the English nation in the realm both of letters and of deeds.

If the spirit of freedom achieved in political and social life has been echoed in English literature, the fervour of religion has not been unfelt. Liberty has not bred licence, and free enquiry has not deteriorated into scepticism. English poetry is in tune with deep religious feeling; it has not run into atheism. Religion has always fed the lamp of learning; without it there may be heat but no illumination. The religious tone of English poetry has not deepened into mysticism. It reflects the truly practical spirit of the English people. A spirit of wonder and delight in the beauties of nature, of faith and trust in God, of confidence in the destiny of the world, of quiet conviction as to the value of prayer and service, is emphasised in English poetry. The familiar line embodies a profound truth:

> "More things are wrought by prayer
> Than this world dreams of".

It is a far cry from Elizabethan to Victorian Lateraturе, but the same resolute faith in the good working of God's inscrutable ways in nature and in human life, is voiced forth in the lines

> "There's a divinity that shapes our ends
> Rough-hew them how we will,"—

and

> "Nothing in nature moves amiss,"—

but there is

> "One God, one law, one element,
> One far-off divine event
> To which the whole creation moves".

In a materialistic age marked by scientific progress and critical scepticism, the Victorian poet bids us "believe where we cannot prove," and utters the reproach:

> "For what are men better than sheep or goats
> That nourish a blind life within the brain
> If, knowing God, they lift *not* hands of prayer
> Both for themselves and those who call
> them friend?"

It is gratifying that the tide of scepticism caused by inventions and scientific progress has turned away, and that impious doubtings of religion no longer exist. "From the seen to the unseen" is the direction of advance, and the exploration of the visible, physical world has been a prelude to the conception of the invisible world beyond. Thus knowledge has happily become the impulse towards spiritual awakening and indwelling reverence, which makes mind and soul a harmonious whole. Priceless and imperishable is the truth

> "Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-
> control,
> These three alone lead life to sovran
> power".

The voices of Freedom and of Faith compose the duet of English Poetry.

The Literary Activities of Catholic Missionaries in S. India.

(Continued from September, 1915.)

[*By* P. J. THOMAS B. A., *Hons.* (16).]

IV. Contribution to Tamil.

Tamil is, of all the languages of Southern India, undoubtedly the most remarkable. In age, linguistic beauty, copiousness of vocabulary, and quality and quantity of literature, it is one of the few vernaculars that can vie with classical Sanskrit. No wonder, then, if it attracted the attention of geniuses like de Nobili and Beschi, and called from them contributions which occupy no mean place in the classical treasury of the Tamilians.

In 1605, when the great Thirumala Naick was flourishing in Madura, a humble Christian Mission was started in that metropolis, partly under his patronage.[1] This mission was destined to play a remarkable part in the religious and literary history of South India.[2] It achieved brilliant success in the field of literature as well as in mission work and is, therefore, important in the study of Indian History and Literature. It produced men whose names will last as long as Tamil Literature. The annals of this historic Mission have been published in the four heavy tomes of Père Bertrand's *La Mission du Maduré*, and in some of the volumes of the *Lettres Edifiantes*[3] which were so much esteemed by Max Muller. We have also the lengthy works of Father Jean and Father Besse. But all these works are

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[1] Nobili was even on the point of converting Thirumala, who admired the Christian "Fakir" gre see *Madura Gazetteer*, ch. History.

[2] Its part has been duly acknowledged by Sir William Hunter in the *Imperial Gazetteer*.

[3] More of these annals were photographed in the Jesuit archives and elsewhere in Europe by Fr. Quinn They are now preserved in the College awaiting publication

in French, and have not yet been translated into English.

The literary labours of this Mission reached the high-water mark of Christian literary achievement in India. They pioneered the way for the modern school of Orientalists. We shall sum them up in brief sketches of the lives of de Nobili and Beschi.[4]

Robert de Nobili, the founder of the Madura Mission, was born in 1577, in Tuscany, of a noble family, to which the genius of the celebrated Cardinal Bellarmine was just then giving new lustre. Robert was educated in the Jesuit College at Naples, where his master, the historian Orlandini, foretold that he would promote the cause of Christ in India.[5] True to his master's forecast, he entered the Society of Jesus, arrived at Goa in May 1605, and worked for some time in the Malabar Mission. He then crossed the mountains and settled in Madura. He lived the life and wore the dress of the Indian ascetic. He said he was a "Roman Brahman" [6], and called himself *Tathwa Bodhakar*, or the teacher of truth, by which name he is even now known among the masses. Having a natural gift for languages, he made it his first care to master Tamil and Sanskrit. In a short time he acquired not only ease and grace in speaking these languages, but also the power of reciting stories, of quoting from famous authors, and even of repeating poetry with the appropriate *ragams*. His knowledge of the Vedas and Puranas astonished the Brahmins, who crowded around him in great numbers both as admirers and as disciples. His Sanskrit scholarship elicited the admiration and gratitude of great scholars like Benfey and Max Müller. The latter is astonished at his deep knowledge of the Upanishads and other difficult Sanskrit works.[7] Nobili seems to have written an excellent Sanskrit poem on the life of the Blessed Virgin, but it has never been printed. His labours in Tamil were more prolific and of course more important from the present standpoint. His chief Tamil work is a Treatise on 'Doctrine' in four volumes. This book is, according to Strickland, a complete course of Theology.[8] It is written in good Tamil *prose* and can be read by all kinds of readers. Some critics qualify their encomiums by pointing out that de Nobili's prose style is somewhat diffuse. His object was evidently to make his writings intelligible to all, and this is no mean object for language to serve. He also wrote a few minor works in prose on various religious subjects, e.g., on Faith, Transmigration, and on the Science of Soul.[9] The poems and hymns that he composed are of great merit and are even now in use among Tamilian Christians. After a brilliant career of missionary zeal and literary activity he retired to Mylapore, where he died in 1656.

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[4] In the course of a series of papers on the "Naick Dynasty of Madura" in the Indian Antiquary (1916), Mr. Rengachari M.A., L.T. gives an account of de Nobili's labours, drawn chiefly from Rev. Mr. Hough's and Mr. Nelson's works. Mr. Hough's prejudice against Catholicism and Catholic enterprise is notorious, and no serious student of history will now consider his "Christianity in India" as a real work of history. Mr. Rengachari could have with great advantage consulted the valuable works of Père Bertrand, Fr. Jean, or Fr. Besse, which contain the true history of the period, both political and religious, but unhappily all in French.

[5] Srickland: *Catholic Missions* (1865) p.p. 135.

[6] De Nobili always uses the word *Brahman* as equivalent to the word *Priest*. He translated "the Jewish High priest" as *Yuda Brahmana*, and "the Fathers of the Church" as *Brahma Vadikal*. Sir William Jones uses the same term in his "*Institute of Manu*." This use of the word was not meant to cheat Brahmans as some have said. See Muthuswami Pillay's "Sketch of Beschi," p. 6 and 24-25, where he ably defends the system of de Nobili, quoting St. Paul, to the Corinthians, I, IX. 20: "To the Jews I became as a Jew that I might gain the Jews;" also IX, 13, about refraining from flesh meat.

[7] See "Lectures on the Science of Language" (first series), p. 167.

[8] Strickland, p 135.

[9] His books were printed very early in Ambalakad. A copy of his long theological work printed at Ambalakad in 1674 is in the library of Father Besse, the present Superior General of the Madura Mission.

ROBERT DE NOBILI S.J.

(*In the dress of an Indian ascetic.*)

What makes de Nobili's name remarkable in South Indian Literature is that he was among the first to write prose works in the vernacular. It is well-known to the students of Indian languages that our literary works were till recently composed exclusively in verse, and that prose works are the result of European influence [10], and of quite modern growth. It is tru that we used prose for short letters, for short chronicles, in deeds, and for brief explanations of the epics ; but the idea of a work in prose,—that is, of prose as a medium of literary expression—was quite unknown in the vernacular literatures till the missionaries took to book-making as a means of mission work. South India got its earliest prose works as early as the sixteenth century, from the Ambalakad and Madura Missionaries. Viewed in this light,[11] *Doctrina Christam* (1579), the first book printed in India, must have been also one of the earliest prose works in the Indian vernaculars. As this work was written in Tamil, the rare distinction of possessing the first Indian vernacular prose must be conceded to that language.[12] Bengali got its first prose work only as late as the beginning of the last century, thanks to the conjoint labours of the Serampore Missionaries [13] and Raja Ram Mehan Roy. We are certainly under a deep debt of gratitude to the various missionary bodies for opening up the way to vernacular prose. It is true that their style is *condè* (*sic.*) and colloquial. But, apart from the fact that theirs were only pioneer attempts, we must also remember that their style was free from the archaism and pedantry of some of the early native writers [14].

Among those who carried on the labours of de Nobili, Father Beschi stands foremost. In Literature, it may be said with no fear of contradiction, that he achieved much more than his able predecessor. Dr. G. U. Pope, the late Tamil Professor at Oxford, justly calls him the greatest European Tamil scholar, [15] and this opinion has been echoed and confirmed by other competent critics. Dr. Grierson, in the *Imperial Gazetteer*, calls him one of the two foremost Tamil writers of the modern period. Benfey [16] looks on this missionary as "a man of the most extraordinary mental aptitudes, one who possessed the great art of entirely Indianising himself." Dr. Caldwell, [17] the leading Dravidian scholar, assigns to Beschi the foremost place among modern Tamil authors. "Beschi's writings," says Sir William W. Hunter, "are regarded by native pundits as the highwater mark of their literature." He is a "prodigy of genius and erudition," as Mr. Marshall [18] calls him, that the Madura Mission gave to Indian literature.

Constanzio Guisseppe Beschi was born in 1680 at Castiglione in the Venitian Republic. He dedicated his life very early to the spread of the Gospel in India. He arrived at Madura in 1711, and adapted himself to the Indian system of life, practising severe austerities and drawing around him high-caste disciples by the magnetic force of his brilliant genius. In the half century which he spent in South

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10 Dr. Grierson, in the *Imperial Gazetteer* Vol. I, has rightly pointed out this fact, though he had not materials enough to give specific details.

11 Vide *supra*, the section on Printing. This first work is found in the Sorbonne University Library at Paris. It is written in almost modern Tamil. More of this interesting book in a subsequent paper.

12 Mr. Sreenivasa Iyengar M.A., in his recent work "Tamil Studies" (Madras 1914), acknowledges the indebtedness of Tamil prose to the missionaries, especially Beschi. He considers the great Italian Tamil poet as the real pioneer of modern Tamil prose.

13 A splendid tribute is paid on this account to Carey, Marshman, and Ward, by Dinesh Chunder Sen in his "History of Bengali Language and Literature," published by the Calcutta University.

14 Mr. C. F. Andrews so justifies the Serampore Missionaries, in a paper on "The Renaissance in Bengal", in the *Contemporary Review*, June 1913.

15 Pope : *Thirukural* ; Introd. iii.

16 *Ersch und Gruber*, p. 290, quoted by Father Dahlmann S. J.

17 Comparative Grammar of Dravidian Languages, 2nd Ed., p. 149-50.

18 "Christian Missions," vol. I, p. 240.

India, he shone like a beacon-light and proved a worthy successor to de Nobili. He had frequent transactions with Chanda Sahib of Trichinopoly, the French ally, who was actually a benefactor to Catholic missionaries.[19]

From the first, Sanskrit and Tamil attracted Beschi's attention. By constant study and discussion, he mastered the chief works on Hindu philosophy and religion, and he used his knowledge in the interests of Christianity. The depth of his scholarship has astonished all who heard him or read his works, and has never been surpassed in the annals of Oriental scholarship. As Caldwell points out, his entire life was a life of study; but he gave much of his knowledge to the public through the classical works which he composed. Nor did Christians alone profit by his work. He wrote numerous works of equal utility to all who use the Tamil language. This is why the Tamil Academy hailed Beschi as "Vira Mamuniver," and why the Hindu scholars of the day acknowledged his eminent services to Tamil Literature.

It is not possible here to attempt a complete account of Beschi's numerous and various works; Mr. Muthuswami Pillai gives a list of twenty-three. We shall attempt only a general appreciation of his chief works, under the heads *Linguistics*, *Prose-works*, and *Poems*.

(*To be continued.*)

[19] Father Besse has shown in a recent booklet that he was a minister to Chanda Sahib who in his munificence gave the *Ismattee Sanyasi* (as he called him) a jaghir of four villages free of tax. Mr. Muthuswami Pillai (p. 22) says that these were Bokalur, Malway, Arasur and Nallur, all in the Trichinopoly District. Chanda Sahib allowed Beschi all the pomp and pageantry of Hindu gurus and Muslim sanyasis. Mahon points out that Chanda presented him with the precious palanquin of his ancestors. "*A Grammar of Common Dialect*", (*1848*).

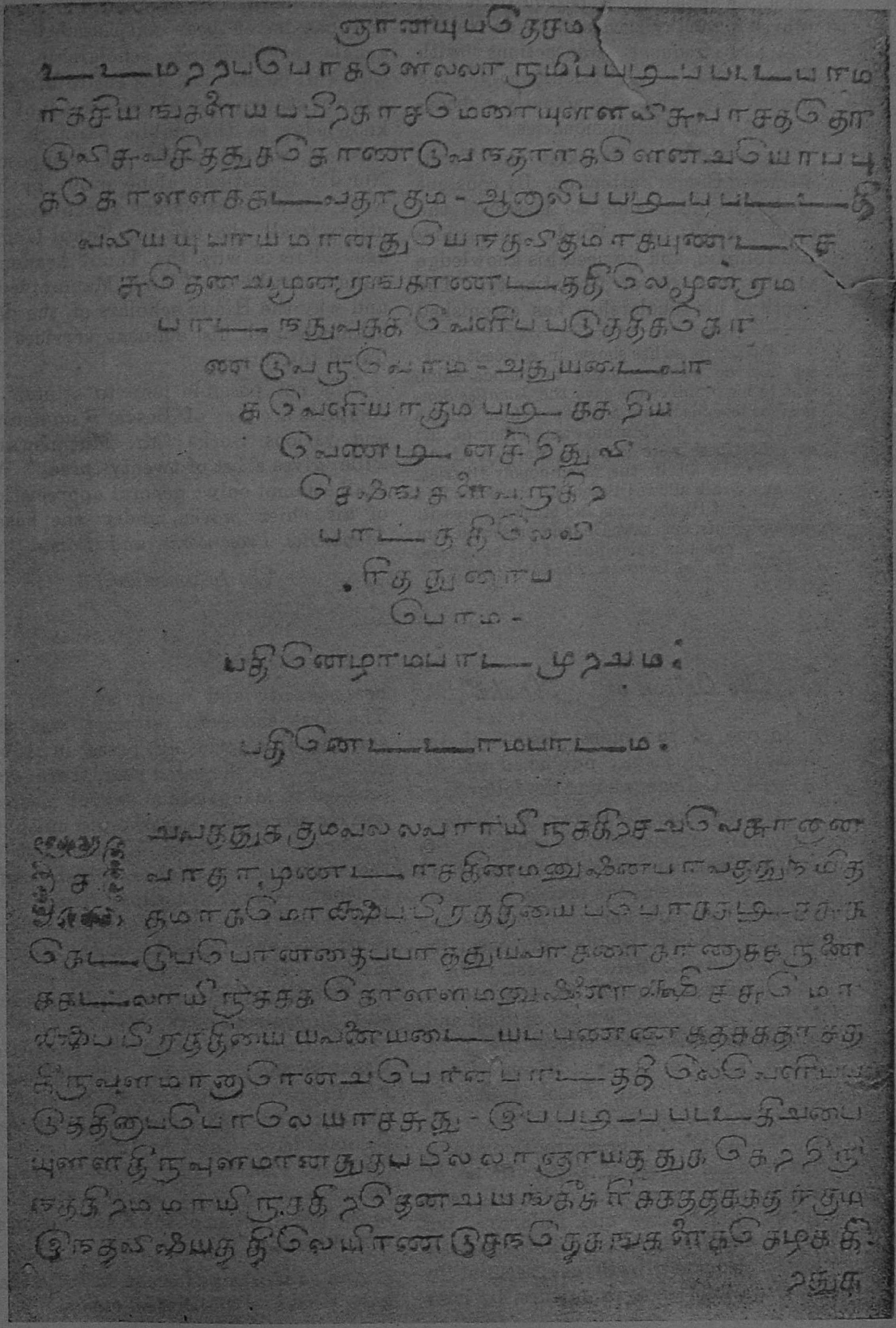
The Origin of "Khaki."

In one of the oldest issues of the *Mangalore Magazine*, published at St. Aloysius' College, we find the following:

It is not generally known that Mangalore has contributed a word to the English language which is as much in people's mouths as the article it stands for is on people's backs. *Khaki* is the word, and Khaki is the only wear for soldiers, in the field at least. In a pamphlet issued by Dr. Robson, moderator of the Free Church of Scotland, occurs the following interesting paragraph concerning the *Missions-Handlungs-Gesellschaft*, or Basel Industrial Mission, ...

"In the present prosperous company, we have the result of a growth of 60 years. The seed was planted in a series of mistakes and failures; but when once it took root and sprouted, the subsequent growth was secured by careful attention to experience, by business sagacity and enterprise, ... The first successful attempt was the starting of a printing press in 1851. .... In the same year, there was sent out to Mangalore a skilful master-weaver named Haller, who did much to procure for the Basel Mission textiles the superior excellence which came at length—for it was a long time before this industry became profitable—to be recognised and imitated in the Indian market. Haller was the discoverer of the fast Khaki colour, which he obtained from the rind of the *Semecarpus anarcadium*, and to which he gave the Canarese name of Khaki. The Mangalore Police were the first to be clad in Khaki cloth. When Lord Roberts was Commander-in-Chief in India, he incidentally visited the Basel weaving factories on the coast, and this visit led to the introduction of the Khaki uniform into the army."

And so it was a German in India that gave Khaki to the British army.



A page of Nobili's Christian Doctrine printed at Ambalakad in 1676.

The War: 20th Oct. 1916–1st Feb. 1917.

WEST:—

Verdun.

On 1st July 1916 a combined French and British offensive was launched against the German positions in the hilly region between the Ancre and the Somme. One of the objects of this offensive was to compel the Germans to relax their grip on Verdun. Four months of methodical pounding and prodigal sacrifice of life had put them in possession of the outer forts. The ring of inner forts remained to be carried. At the end of June these inner forts could not hold out much longer. No doubt, before they fell, they would exact the fullest toll of enemy lives; but nevertheless, if they did fall, the event would hearten the enemy, and prop up the tottering idol of German invincibility. Verdun must not fall.

At this critical juncture the Somme battle began. Less than a week after the opening of the battle on 1st July, the situation at Verdun underwent a change. Army corps and heavy guns destined for Verdun or engaged in reducing the last line of forts, were hastily diverted from the Meuse Valley, and thrown into the gaps which the Allied offensive had made in the German defences on the Somme. The aggressor at Verdun was thrown on the defensive at Peronne; instead of the problem of how to batter down the French defences, he was called upon to solve the far more difficult problem of how to keep his own defences unbreached.

How well the Franco-British attack succeeded in its object is seen in this, that not only did the Germans make no headway at Verdun, but when on 24th October the French launched an attack on Fort Douaumont, that fort which the Kaiser had called 'the main pillar of the Verdun defences', and the capture of which in February had been hailed in Germany as the beginning of the end for France, fell into their hands. France inscribed a great victory on her rolls. Besides many guns, 5500 prisoners were captured; and these results were obtained at a cost of less than 2,000 casualties. In four hours France recovered, at a blow, the ground which Germany had spent eight months in winning piecemeal. A week later Fort Vaux was taken. The total German losses in prisoners alone amounted to 6,000.[1]

Then followed a period of seven weeks of apparent inactivity. The French engineers were repairing the old roads, or laying down new, over the ground pitted by the explosion of innumerable shells.

When all was ready, the attack was launched on 14th December, under the eyes of General Nivelle, the newly appointed Commander-in-Chief,—four French divisions against five German, with a sixth brought up to reinforce them. In one sweep the French carried the strong positions of Vacherauville, Louvemont, Besonvaux, and Hardaumont, breached the German lines on a 10 kilometre front, and halted only when they had driven the enemy, in places, beyond the positions which he held when he began the attack on 21st February.

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[1] NOTE.—Punch's reflections on the victory of 24th October:—

(*The Crown Prince is addressing his father.*)

....now, to my complete surprise,
These Frenchmen, by a sudden swoop,
(Father, I know you'll sympathise),
Have put your Willie in the soup;
It took them just a day to spoil
The fruit of months and months of steady toil.

My cannon fodder fell like grain;
That's nothing; what I cannot stand
Is this, that I, with all my brain,
Must needs obey the foe's command:
"Huns! as you were!" and here I am
Just where I was last spring. O Father—!

[*Punch*, 1 Nov. 1916.]

This battle yielded more tangible results even than the first: 11,400 prisoners, 107 machine guns, 115 field guns, and vast quantities of material. After the battle, General Nivelle bade farewell to his staff, saying: "Gentlemen, I leave you after a splendid day. The experience is conclusive, our method has proved itself. Once again the Second Army has displayed, more clearly than before, its moral and material ascendency over the enemy. Victory is certain, I can assure you. Germany will learn this to her cost." The victory was won, let it be noted, by inferior forces over an enemy strongly entrenched; and the enemy was so thoroughly defeated that he lost 11,400 prisoners, and when ordered to counter-attack, had not the stomach to drive the attack home.

The victory was a first instalment of a certain debt which France owes Germany. Fuller payment is to be made in the Spring. It came at the very time when the German Chancellor was blandly talking of German victories, and magnanimously offering peace to the Allies. It was the French reply to the Chancellor's idle boast that Germany was invincible. It was likewise a reminder to the Kaiser, that if he had defeated Rumania, a nation unskilled in and unprepared for modern war, he had not removed the danger on the western front.

The Somme.

The Allied advance on the Somme was stopped in the middle of October by the bad weather, not by the German resistance. What the Allies had been doing in the previous three months, they could have gone on doing, had not the heavy rains transformed the shell-torn battlefield into a 'wilderness of mud', where men and horses foundered. The warfare became stationary for long periods; few gains could be registered on the map; but the guns never ceased to pound the German lines, raiders entered the German trenches night after night to take toll of the German occupants. Innumerable captured documents prove that even during the lull, existence on the Somme battlefield was a nightmare to the toughest of the German soldiery.

The lull was broken on 13th November. The weather had improved sufficiently to allow the battle to be resumed. The previous days our gunfire was more intense; our airmen swept the air clear of the enemy's scouts; no indication could reach him of what was preparing on the other side of No Man's Land. The attack fell on both sides of the Ancre: Beaumont-Hamel and St. Pierre Divion were stormed on 13th, Beaucourt-sur-Ancre the following day. The battle died down on 18th. 8000 German prisoners were then on their way to England.

The lull came over the battlefield once more; the 'off-season' 'when nothing was doing,' as the soldiers say, began—the season of rain, snow, mist, and winter wretchedness; of shelling, mining, raiding, and 'strafing' in a thousand ingenious ways designed to keep the Germans on tenter-hooks, besides constantly adding to their casualty list. In the 'off-season' on 16th January the British ejected the Germans from $\frac{3}{4}$ mile of trenches beyond Beaumont-Hamel and brought home 150 prisoners; on 17th January they took over 600 yards of trenches; on 27th, the Kaiser's Birthday, they made it a point of honour not to be behindhand with their greetings—an extra-vigorous bombardment of Le Transloy, where the Kaiser was reported to be, followed by a raid which accounted for 500 of his fellow Huns. The Somme Battle did not end on 18th November; merely the first act was brought to a close. The second act is to begin shortly.

The results achieved in the Battle, in the period from 1st July to 18th November, are summed up in Sir Douglas Haig's dispatch:—

The Somme Battle has placed beyond doubt the ability of the Allies to gain the objects for which they are waging this War. The mainstay of the Central Empires and their Allies is the German Army. Now, one-half of that army, despite all the advantages of the defen-

sive based upon positions fortified with the utmost care and ingenuity during two whole years, has suffered defeat on the Somme. The bad weather has given the enemy a respite, and prevented us from reaping results even greater than those secured.

The Battle was undertaken with three principal objects in view: viz., to relieve Verdun, to pin down the Germans to the western front at the time when they were transferring troops to the East for an attack on the victorious Russians, and to wear down the enemy's power.

All these results have been fully achieved, and any one taken singly would have been sufficient justification for the Somme Battle. (1) The desperate struggle for the possession of Verdun had invested that place with a moral and political importance out of all proportion to its military value. The enemy failed to capture it, he was forced to draft his forces to the Somme; and when the opportune moment came, France recovered the lost forts. (2) As a result of the Russian success in June, German troops were drafted to the eastern front for a great counter-offensive. Shortly after the Somme Battle opened, those troops and others from the East were dispatched to the West. (3) The third result was the wearing down of the enemy's power. There is evidence[1] to place beyond doubt that the enemy's losses in men and material have been very considerably higher than those of the Allies. Four-fifths of the enemy's armies in the West were thrown one after another into the Somme Battle; and his powers of resistance had considerably diminished towards the end of the operations when the bad weather unfortunately broke.

The dispatch speaks of the German defences as far more formidable, in many respects, than those of the most famous fortresses in history. They were held by the picked troops of what was considered a few years ago the best army in the world. They were stormed by troops, many of whom—as far as the British are concerned — counted their service by months, and gained, in the Somme Battle, their first experience against an army and a nation whose chief concern, for so many years, had been preparation for war.

Rumania.

The bad weather which brought the Allied advance to a halt within striking distance of Bapaume and Peronne, saved the Germans from a disaster in the West, and allowed them to concentrate all their available forces against Rumania. The story of the campaign which put them in possession of Wallachia and the Dobruja is soon told.

After a period of easily won successes in Transylvania, the tide turned against the Rumanians. Two German armies operating from opposite directions—one from Transylvania, the other from the Dobruja,—held at bay for a while, at last broke through the Rumanian defences. Mackensen, in the Dobruja, after being driven back from the Tuzla-Rassova lines which protected the Constanza-Cernavoda railway, received reinforcements, and carried the position on 19th-20th October. Two days later he entered Constanza (22nd), and then Cernavoda (25th), which the Rumanians had evacuated after blowing up the bridge. He continued to advance in the Dobruja, till he was beaten at Hirsova by the Russian General Sakharoff, who had been sent with reinforcements from Galicia (8th Nov.). Sakharoff attempted to recapture the Cernavoda bridge, but was defeated in his turn by Mackensen 2 miles from the town, at Dunarea (12th Nov.). A fortnight later Mackensen crossed the Danube at Zimnitza, and began the march on Bucharest from the South.

Meanwhile Falkenhayn had cleared Transylvania, and driven the Rumanians back to the passes. By 17th November he had forced the central and southern passes. The Rumanians fell back, to escape the claws of the pincers that were slowly closing on them from the

[1] French semi-official publications show that the German casualties on the Somme reached 700,000.

North and the South. Before doing so, however, they destroyed the oil-wells of Tirgovista, rendering them unworkable for months to come. (And the Germans counted so much upon those oil-wells!)

On 6th December they evacuated Bucharest, and began to retreat to the North. Sakharoff, who had till now held his ground in the Dobruja, retired to the Danube Delta, keeping contact with the Rumanian armies as they fell back rapidly on Focsani and Braila and the river Sereth.

The Germans pressed the pursuit, checked here and there temporarily by the Russian cavalry, but never long held up. Early in January they took Focsani and Braila; and it seemed as if they would force the Russo-Rumanians from their positions on the Sereth by a turning movement from Focsani. But they had exhausted their driving power. The Russo-Rumanians, now securely entrenched, threw back all attempts to storm their lines. At the end of January intense cold brought the invaders to a standstill, with the Rumanian armies still undestroyed; but Wallachia had passed temporarily under German rule. The Germans had scored once more.

The consideration of a few facts will help to set the defeat of Rumania in its proper perspective in relation to the rest of the Allies.

The victory over Rumania is no guarantee that Germany can defeat the West. It is, if anything, a proof, not to say a confession, of her inability to do so. Because she could not do so, she adopted the easy alternative of overrunning Wallachia. The danger in that quarter removed, she is still confronted with the ever growing threat of the West. The Rumanian campaign was rendered possible, only by the dreadful weather that transformed the Somme Valley into a quagmire. If the weather had continued fair in November, the Somme Battle would have paralysed every effort against Rumania, as easily as it paralysed the effort against Verdun.

However the fact remains that Rumania is conquered. Other facts remain likewise, of which we may note the following :—

The Rumanian campaign was undertaken for economic, as well as for political and military reasons—to procure supplies of oil and corn, to drive the enemy from Hungarian soil, and to satisfy public opinion in the Central Empires. Hungary was saved indeed, and public opinion was satisfied. How far the need of supplies was satisfied, is another matter. The oil wells, on Germany's own admission, will produce nothing for a whole year, so thoroughly was the work of destruction carried out; and in the meantime the Allies have some hope of putting Germany beyond the need of oil supplies, for military purposes. Nor has the supply of corn come up to Teuton expectations. Vienna clamours for her share as loud as Berlin; and the supply, even if it were not shared with the weaker partner in the campaign, would not compensate for the failure of the last harvests in Germany.

Further, it remains to be seen whether the Rumanian campaign, however glorious in the German bulletins, may not prove to have exhausted the enemy. It may have given us the opportunity we shall profit by in the Spring, the opportunity of a weakened line. The men lost in this secondary campaign would have proved invaluable in the West when the hour strikes for Germany's doom. The campaign has in fact already reacted on the West. The capture of the Verdun Forts was made easier by the withdrawal of troops for Rumania. The strength put forth in Rumania is strength deducted from the West. The Germans claim to have taken 70,000 prisoners. That may or may not be so: the German bulletins are drawn up with strict regard to the effect which they are desired to produce in Berlin, rather than with a nice regard for truth. Even if we allow 70,000 prisoners, the fact remains that the Rumanian Army—with heavy losses—has eluded the grasp of the

enemy, as France eluded it in 1914, and Russia in 1915. It remains a fighting force to be counted with. Renewed and re-equipped by the Allies, and reinforced by the Russians, it may be expected to give an account of itself in due time. To say the least, it will immobilize 200,000 of the enemy.

Surprising as the defeat may seem, it was foreseen by the Allies long ago. The Journal de Genève, in a leader published on 11th October, speaks as follows: "We know that before the Rumanians opened the campaign, the Allied ministers made urgent representations at Bucharest, to the end that the main Rumanian effort should be directed against Bulgaria. They urged Mr. Bratiano (the Prime Minister), to stand on the defensive in the Transylvanian passes in order to secure his country against invasion from the northern frontier, while his principal army would be thrown across the Danube. They showed him that by putting Bulgaria, and Turkey consequently, out of action, he would more certainly secure his chief aim, the liberation of Transylvania, than by throwing, at the outset, into that province, an invading army of insufficient strength to break the effort which the Central Empires would direct against it. To all their entreaties, Mr. Bratiano turned a deaf ear... The plan which he adopted, has had for the Allies the very inconveniences which they dreaded ... The initial advantage which Rumania secured, largely through surprise, was nullified, and the conquest of Transylvania remains for Mr. Bratiano to make all over again."

In plain words, Rumania, when she refused to accommodate her plan to that of the Allies, courted disaster—she had the expert opinion of the Allies on the subject—and it overtook her.

When the conquest of Wallachia was finished, the All-Highest spoke definitely of peace; his heart bled, in the style of the past two years, for the countless orphans and widows whom the War had made; for the irreparable losses which civilization had sustained—referring, no doubt, to Louvain, Rheims, the Hague Conventions, and the slave raids of Belgium and France.

Russia.

The great Russian advance ended in August for want of munitions. The German plan of an overwhelming counter-attack in July was thwarted by the Allied offensive on the Somme. Thereafter the Russian operations centred round Halicz, Brzezany and Dornawatra, till snow impeded further movement in the early Autumn.

In November the Germans made a determined onslaught on the Russo-Rumanians near the Carpathians, with the object of rolling up the Rumanian army from the North, while an Austro-German army encircled it from the South. But the resistance of the Russians defeated the attempt.

In January the Russians made a successful attack on the Germans near Lake Babit (Riga region), secured a favourable position clear of the swamps which had made their lines untenable, and took 1000 prisoners, 11 light and 21 heavy guns.

The Eastern front is ice-bound.

Italy.

From 2nd to 5th November, the Italians were engaged in storming a series of positions beyond Gorizia. They made 9000 prisoners, bringing the total, since 6th August, to 40,800.

Balkans.

What with the Rumanians blundering into Transylvania, and the Greeks planning to attack the Salonika army in the rear, the Serbian campaign has not yielded the great results that might have been expected.

While part of the Allied army was immobilized by intended Greek treachery, a large British force held the Bulgars in check on the Seres-Demir-Hissar line, and a Franco-Serbian force pushed over the Kaymaktchalan range towards Monastir. It drove the enemy from their strong positions on the Cerna, and entered Monastir on 19th December.

The difficulties of the Balkan campaign are too easily overlooked. Mention has been made of Greek treachery. The Greek fleet was disarmed (October) by the Allies, after they had secured positive proof that it was getting ready to sail to the Dardanelles, to be used for attacking our convoys in the Ægean Sea. The Greek army was accumulating stores in Macedonia, for an attack on the Allied rear, in conjunction with Mackensen, who was to have marched to Constantine's rescue via Monastir (November). Stern measures were not adopted by the Allies at the outset, owing, it is now ascertained, to the attitude of Italy, who did not see eye to eye with us in the treatment of Greece. At length things worked to a crisis. There was bloodshed in Athens on 2nd December. The French and British then declared a blockade of Greece; and this brought the Greeks to their senses shortly before the end of January. They accepted the Allies' demands, and disbanded the army of Macedonia. Their relations with the Allies are now said to be quite cordial.

A second difficulty was that of transport. The Allied line is 250 miles long, in a region of trackless mountains, which rise in the Kaymaktchalan ridge to 8000 ft. Roads had to be made before the army could advance. It was a war on Nature quite as much as on the Bulgars. Transport was limited to carts and beasts of burden on the greater part of this extended line. When the needs of a modern army are taken into consideration—guns, and limitless supplies of shells, barbed wire, provisions etc.,—it will be realized how serious a difficulty this question of transport was.

Much has been done; but much more remains to be done in the Spring. With the Greeks disarmed, and Mackensen exhausted, things may be expected to move quicker when the snow thaws among the Balkan hills.

Turkey

Kut-el-Amarah (Mesopotamia), the stronghold associated with the British disaster of April 1916, has once more become the scene of fighting. The operations began on 13th December. Repeated attacks have been successfully delivered against the Turkish entrenchments; several lines have been captured; but the place is not yet reduced.

In Egypt, early in the war, the Turks made a bold but unsuccessful attack on the Suez Canal. They were driven off with considerable losses, but maintained themselves in two strong positions in Egyptian territory East of the Canal—El Arish, and Maghdabah—, and at Rafa on the frontier.

El Arish was taken from them on 10th December, after they had held it for two years. On Christmas day the still stronger position of Maghdabah was stormed; of the 2,000 soldiers who occupied it, 1,300 were captured. Rafa was taken on 9th January, and the remnants of the Turkish invaders were driven beyond the Syrian frontier. Thus ended the threat to the Suez Canal.

Naval.

Since its famous victory of Jutland, the German High Seas Fleet has kept to its harbours. The warfare has been entrusted to destroyers and submarines.

German destroyers have met with a small measure of success and a large measure of misfortune. In October a flotilla working from Zeebrugge attempted one dark night to interrupt the Channel traffic. It sank a British destroyer, and damaged another so badly that it may be counted as lost.

In November another flotilla, perhaps encouraged by the good fortune of October, made a raid up the Gulf of Finland. Six, if not nine, of the raiders will sail the seas no more. During the Channel raid some one seems to have been napping, or very special circumstances favoured the enemy; during the Gulf of Finland raid the watch were wide awake.

The Channel raid was avenged on 22nd January. A German flotilla steamed out of Zeebrugge at 1 a.m. Thirty miles out at sea it was met by a British patrolling squadron. A sharp engagement ensued, under the searchlights. One German destroyer was

sunk; a second reached a Dutch harbour, shell-riddled; the rest scattered in the dark after receiving as much punishment as they could bear. Reports from Holland say that eight German boats were sunk.

All this was fair fight, and on the whole it gave the Germans no great cause for undue exultation.

German submarines were more successful than the destroyers. Either by floating mines or torpedoes, they sank four Allied battleships of the predreadnought class, ships of no great fighting value, which, on that very account, were used for patrolling purposes. Success, however, has not been all on the side of the Germans. A British submarine torpedoed two German dreadnoughts of the Kaiser class (24,400 tons), but whether she sank them or not has not been ascertained. The German Admiralty, unlike the British, cannot afford to oblige us with any information on the subject. One thing is certain, viz., that the torpedoes exploded on their targets; the submarine then, presumbly, went to sleep on the bed of the sea, to escape the attentions of the escorting German destroyers.

Where the pirates succeed best is with unarmed liners and cargo boats, Neutral especially, and with hospital ships.

Yet when the full measure of their success has been allowed for, the submarine campaign must be pronounced a failure. The declared object of it was to ruin the mercantile shipping of Great Britain, thereby to cut off our supplies of food and war material, and so starve us into the surrender, and end the war. We are in a fair way to accomplish that in regard to Germany. How little Germany has succeeded in her object is seen by putting the figure of our Mercantile shipping for July 1914 and that for July 1916 side by side. Under the first date it was 20,523 000 tons; under the second, 20,463,000 tons. The figures translated into words mean that we build almost as fast as the enemy destroys. (The Neutral losses are no concern of ours, except so far as they throw light on German notions of fair and foul.) Further, over against British losses we must put the British control of the seas. British trade goes on, the flag floats on all the seas of the world; German trade is limited to an occasional Deutchland of 800 tons.

Peace.

Germany seeks peace. In December, after the conquest of Wallachia, the Kaiser sent forth a message of good will to suffering mankind. He told the Allies they were beaten, and ought to recognize the fact. The Allies were not convinced; and they knew Germany too well to have any illusions about German magnanimity, having noted innumerable instances of it in the past 30 months. Above the soft talk of peace, they heard distinctly the wail of the German war-makers over their fallen legions, because those instruments of their brutal power would return no more.

The peace talk disguised a panic. The Battle of the Somme, not pity for orphans and widows, put thoughts of peace in the devout Wilhelm's tender heart. He knew that, in spite of his Wallachian success, the year that was closing had been one of great disasters for the Central Empires: Verdun, the Trentino and the Carso, Galicia, and the Somme, not to speak of Jutland. Worse is in store. Constantine, the man after the Prussian's heart, bowed to the Allies' dictates, when the victorious Mackensen told him that he was powerless to drive the Allies from Monastir. And that was at the very time when the Rumanians were in full retreat before him. Through Mackensen, the Kaiser confessed himself beaten. He might—grant for the sake of argument—reach Moscow and Petrograd through Moldavia; he was doomed in the West. The confession was echoed in Constantine's apology to the Allies on 27th January—doomed in the West.

1st February, 1917.

THE WAR. (Appendix.)

	West.	East. (*Rumania-Russia.*)	South. (*Italy—Balkans.*)	Turkey.	Naval.
Oct. 21st.	24th. Douaumont, and Damloup redoubt retaken by the French; the German line penetrated on a 10 kil. front to a depth of 3 kil.; and 5,500 prisoners, 15 guns, 51 trench mortars, and 144 machine guns taken. Total French casualties 2,000 only.	*Rumania.* 22nd. Constanza occupied by the enemy. 25th. Cernavoda abandoned to the enemy after the bridge had been destroyed. Simultaneously the Germans force the Transylvanian passes, and 28th, reach Kimpolung 20 miles within Wallachia.			A British mine-sweeper torpedoed. 26th. A raid by German destroyers into the Channel; 2 British destroyers lost.
November.	1st July to 1st November, German losses on the Somme are estimated by reliable authorities at 700,000; 71,500 men and 1,500 officers made prisoners. 2nd. The Germans evacuate Fort Vaux rendered untenable by the French artillery. 5th. Damloup village recaptured by the French.	Enemy attempts to drive a wedge between the Russian and Rumanian forces near Dornawatra. 8th. The Germans beaten at Hirsova, are driven back 13 miles in the Dobruja by Sakharoff. 12th. The Russians fighting for the Cernavoda bridge head. Defeated at Dunarea and thrown back.	*Italy.* 2nd. Fighting on the Carso plateau. 5th. In the last four days of fighting, 8980 Austrians made prisoners.		5th. A German submarine stranded on the Jutland coast and blown up. 5th. Two German dreadnoughts of the *Kaiser* class (24,400 tons) torpedoed by a British submarine; damage not ascertained.

8th. Ablaincourt and Pressoire stormed by the French; 700 prisoners taken. 13th. Sallisel captured by the French. The British penetrate the German lines on a 5-mile front to a depth of 1 mile; capture Beaumont-Hamel and St. Pierre Divion. 14th. The British capture Beaucourt-sur-Ancre. 17th. In the last 5 days the British have taken 7000 prisoners. 18th. The British advance continues to the skirts of Grandcourt; 700 prisoners taken. Mud puts a stop to further operations. The Somme battlefield is officially described as a 'wilderness of mud.' Preparing for the Spring offensive.	14th. The Rumanian left gives way in the Transylvanian Passes. 17th. The enemy has penetrated into Wallachia. 13 miles at the Vulkan Pass. 16 miles at the Roter Turm Pass. 17 miles at the Torzburg Pass. 5 miles at the Predeal Pass. The Rumanians still hold the northern passes. 23rd. Craiova abandoned to the enemy. A German army crosses the Danube at Zimnitza: two German armies now closing like pincers on the Rumanian armies. 30th. Fresh German troops cross the Danube at Oltiniza.	6th. In the past three months, from Aug. 5th to Nov. 6th, 40,860 Austrians have been made prisoners on the Giulian front. *Balkans.* 1st. The British capture Prosenik. 2nd. The French capture Gardilovo. 12th. The Serbs defeat the Bulgars on the Cerna. 14th. The Serbs take Iven 17 miles from Monastir. 15th. The French take Kenali. 19th. The French and Serbs enter Monastir. 15,000 Bulgars made prisoners in the past two months.		An Austrian submarine and an Italian destroyer sink each other. 16th. A raid in the Gulf of Finland by German destroyers; from 6 to 9 sunk by the Russians. 20th. The Russian dreadnought *Imperatiza Maria* (22,500 tons) blows up. 27th. The French predreadnought battleship *Suffren* (12,000 tons) torpedoed and sunk. 29th. The British armed trawler *Norval* sunk by German raiders.

	West.	East. (*Rumania-Russia.*)	South. (*Italy—Balkans.*)	Turkey.	Naval.
December.	German peace talk. 14th. 4 French divisions defeat 6 German divisions near Verdun; Vacherauville, Louvemont, Hardaumont, Besonvaux taken. 9000 Germans made prisoners. 18th. In the past 5 days the French have taken 11,400 prisoners, 115 guns, 107 machine guns, 44 minethrowers. 20th. Since 1st July, the French and the British have taken 105,000 German prisoners.	3rd. The Rumanians fall back from Pisteti. 5th. The Rumanians evacuate Tirgovista after destroying all the plant of the oil-fields. 6th. Bucharest abandoned to the enemy. The Russo-Rumanian armies retire northward to the Sereth line. 28th The Dobruja evacuated by the Russians.	2nd. The Greeks treacherously attack the Allies in Athens. 8th. The blockade of Greece begins.	6th. Official Report on the Armenian atrocities: out of 1,800,000 inhabitants 600,000 have been systematically massacred. 10th. (Egypt) El Arish taken from the Turks. 14th. (Mesopotamia). Attack on the Turkish lines at Kut. 25th. (Egypt.) The Turkish stronghold of Maghdabah East of the Canal, captured, with 1,300 prisoners.	A French gunboat torpedoed at Funchal. A German submarine sunk by French destroyers in the Bay of Biscay. The Italian pre-dreadnought battleship *Regina Margherita* (13,000 tons) mined in the Adriatic. 2 British destroyers sink in collision. The French pre-dreadnought battleship *Gaulois* (11,000 tons) torpedoed and sunk.
January.	Constant raiding of the German trenches. 27th. Special greetings to the Germans on the Kaiser's birthday: a terrific bombardment, followed by a raid which yields 250 prisoners to the British.	4th. Braila captured by the enemy. All Wallachia in the hands of the Germans. 7th. Focsani captured by the Germans: the Russo-Rumanian armies still retreating.	27th. The Greeks yield to the Allies' demands, and withdraw their forces from Macedonia.	9th. Fight at Rafa (East of the Canal) 1,600 Turks captured. Egyptian territory clear of the enemy, and the menace to the Canal removed.	The British pre-dreadnought battleship *Cornwallis* (14,000 tons) torpedoed and sunk. 2 Austrian submarines captured by the Italians.

British raids in January yield 1200 German prisoners. In this Winter period, large numbers of Germans "lose their way", and walk by mistake into the Allied lines—a mild formula for "surrender."	15th. Resistance to the German advance on the Sereth. *Russia.* 9th. The Russians attack the German lines in the Riga region, at Lake Babit, and take 1000 prisoners, 21 heavy guns and 11 light guns. End of January: severe fighting at Jakobeni, over 1000 Germans taken prisoners. Mist, and snow waist deep, on the Riga front put a stop to all fighting. In Rumania the German effort is spent: German forces are being despatched to the western front.			**22nd.** A German destroyer flotilla routed off Zeebrugge at 3 a.m. One German destroyer known to have been sunk, another damaged now laid up in a Dutch harbour; the rest severely punished. Dutch reports state that 8 German ships were sunk. Later, one British destroyer was torpedoed by German destroyers. A German submarine lost off the Norwegian coast. The British armoured liner *Laurentic* sunk by a mine.

1st February 1917.

Wireless at the Front.

Letter from Father Vion.

I am now three or four miles from the trenches, in the open country; there is less risk here of being shelled than in villages. Our office is an old German dugout, roomy enough, but none too safe. For greater safety, we have dug by the side of it another sap, deeper, where we sleep, and can take shelter in case we are shelled. We work from daybreak till nightfall when the weather is fine.

When the War broke out, there was only one wireless company in the whole French army; communications between aeroplanes and their bases were made by means of preconcerted evolutions. At present the headquarters of every unit have their own wireless station. In addition, there are control stations, each superintending a certain number of subordinate stations. Most of these control stations only receive, but do not transmit messages.

Our work is with the aeroplanes. We have several types of machines: (1) Bombing aeroplanes, which are heavy, stable, but slow; they fly in squadrons protected by battleplanes. (2) Battleplanes, mostly of the biplane type, which go at the rate of 100 miles an hour. (3) Scouts for observing or reconnoitring, a cross between the two former types, all supplied with wireless apparatus for transmitting but not for receiving messages—receiving being impossible owing to the noise of the engines. These scouts are of two types: infantry and artillery scouts. My station deals only with the latter, as a rule. But at times, infantry scouts and observation balloons communicate and work with us. While our battleplanes work at a height of 2000-3000 yards, destroying German aeroplanes and balloons, and protecting our own, our scouts keep in touch with our lines. Now suppose 10 or 15 of our battleplanes and 30 scouts are at work, the difficulty is not to hear the messages, but to understand them when the scouts all speak at the same time. This is how we get out of the difficulty. The wireless apparatus on the different scouts have different wave-lengths; our own receiving apparatus is so constructed that it eliminates the messages of certain machines which do not harmonize with ours. Moreover, the sounds produced by the various sending apparatus are different: some shrill, others deep-toned, some clear, others droning.

Before delivering its message, each machine gives its index, i.e., a group of letters peculiar to itself. A point of some importance is that the message should be delivered at a conveniently short distance from the receiving post, for proximity increases the intensity at the receiving station. In spite, however, of all pre-arrangements, it does happen that scouts with the same wave-length and musical note, speak at the same time from approximately the same distance from the receiving post. But, with practice, the radiographer can distinguish one from another, and even hold a conversation with one while the other goes on speaking. If the man at the receiving post does not understand, he asks the signaller to repeat the message. The code used by aeroplanes is the Morse alphabet, together with certain conventional signals and ciphers corresponding to the commercial codes in use in ordinary telegraphy.

Our answers to aeroplanes are sometimes conveyed by means of projections with electric lights (optical telegraphy), but this system requires too much attention on the part of the observer. We commonly communicate by means of signals. Each semaphore has a square board for identification, and four small rectangular boards. Different posi-

tions of the small boards round the larger board convey different meanings to the observer. For greater security the signalling post, the guns, and the wireless post, are all situated in different places.

Here is an instance of range finding by signalling. An enemy battery is to be bombarded. An aeroplane and a battery are told off to see to the business. The airman leaves the aerodrome after notifying his departure by telephone to the wireless operator; as he flies, he repeats his index to the wireless station. The operator is at his apparatus, the identification board is run up, and the signal asks, "Have you understood?"

The airman inquires: 'Is the battery ready?' The signal answers 'Ready.' The airman replies 'Fire', and the signal answers 'Fired'. The airman flies towards the objective, ascertains the result of the battery's fire, and signals any error in range or direction. The semaphore signals 'Understood', then 'Battery ready' and so forth.

An interesting pastime for an unoccupied operator is to follow the communications between aeroplanes and receiving stations during a battle. For instance, yesterday we were able to follow a battle without seeing it. It was quite impressive. An airman signalled: "Allied troops at... at... at... Fight with grenades at... at... Enemy infantry massing at ... at ... Enemy batteries in action at... at..." Then "Fire... Concentrate fire on... Urgent... Help infantry, etc..."

Sometimes an operator intercepts a message not meant for him, the non-reception of which might entail serious consequences. Thus, the other day, at nightfall my chum and I were having a quiet chat, when suddenly a signal flashed: "Enemy battery in action at ...." We promptly rang up our guns, which silenced the enemy. We happened to be the only ones ready to receive the message at that unusual hour.

The Germans can intercept some of our messages, but it is of no consequence. They also try to put us out by means of "confusion stations," but with small results. The 'personal equation' comes in even in handling the Morse alphabet, so we can tell when we have to deal with such or such an observer, and when with a Boche.

War Items.

After the great French Victory at Verdun, the French found they had taken more prisoners, officers and men, than they could conveniently accommodate. General Mangin was not surprised therefore, when one morning an officer of his staff presented himself and said: "General, I must transmit to you a complaint from the German officers. They find their lodgings dark, cold, and small, and they complain particularly of their scanty ill-cooked food". General Mangin listened without a trace of displeasure, and then, with a merely perceptible smile on his lips, said, "You must tell these gentlemen that I am extremely sorry, but that we did not expect such a large number of officers; we are really overcrowded." The irony of the answer was lost on the Germans, but the fun of their reply was not lost on the French: "They considered the explanation satisfactory and regretted their ill-timed complaint."

Le Pélérin.

* * *

A wounded Gloucestershire corporal narrates the following incident of the battle of the Aisne.

"Orders had been given for a battalion holding an advanced position to

fall back. The only way to communicate the orders was to send a man with them through a murderous fire. Volunteers were asked for from the R. I. Fusiliers. All wanted to go, but by tossing for it a selection was made at last. The lad did not look as if there was much in him, but he had grit. He rushed into the rain of shot and shell. He cleared the first hundred yards without being hit, but in the second he was brought down. He rose again and struggled on for a few minutes; was hit once more, and then staggered a bit before collapsing.

"Two more men of the Fusiliers dashed into the fire and rushed across while the Germans were trying to pink them. One picked up the wounded lad and started back to the trenches, and the other taking the despatch ran ahead. Just when the wounded man and his mate were within a few yards of our trenches and we were cheering them, there came another hail of bullets and both went down dead. Meanwhile the man with the despatch was racing for all he was worth. He got through all right till the last lap, when he was brought down. He was seen from the other trenches, and half a dozen men ran to his aid. They were all shot; but the man with the message was now crawling towards the battalion in danger. With assistance he reached them and the object was gained; they were withdrawn to a new position before the Germans succeeded in cutting them off."

The Irish at the Front.

* * *

When General Nivelle, now Commander-in-Chief of the French armies, was a young sub-lieutenant in garrison in a little town in the south of France, he had a beautiful dog of the very purest breed to which he was extremely attached. One day the dog was missing. Nivelle went at once to the manager of of the local newspaper and published an *Important Notice* to the effect that he would give a reward of 200 francs to the person who would bring him back his dog. The next morning Nivelle called at the office and asked the doorkeeper, who seemed to be in very bad humour, for the editor.

"He's gone out."

"Then I must see the manager."

"He's gone out."

"Then any one in charge."

"They're all out."

"But, what the devil,—where are they gone?"

"They're gone, and I'm sorry I could not go too, to look for that wonderful dog."

* * *

A Scrap of Paper. Wolff's Bureau denies that the German Chancellor ever used the words "a scrap of paper" in the Reichstag. This is no denial at all. These historic words were used by the Chancellor in conference with Sir Edward Goschen on the fateful 4th August 1914. No one ever said that they were used in the Reichstag. In the interview with the German Chancellor, wrote Sir E. Goschen to a Frenchman, M. Goudchaux, not a word of any language but English, which Bethmann-Hollweg speaks perfectly, was used. The expression "scrap of paper" is, therefore, the actual words uttered by the German Chancellor.

Madras Mail 10-2-17.

* * *

Fear on the Battle-field. Private Edward Dwyer, a lad of eighteen years, gives this account of the deed for which he was awarded the V. C. "All our chaps were either killed or wounded. I was the only unwounded man left in the trench. The Germans were in a trench only fifteen yards away, so close that I could hear them talking in their lingo. I knew that if they took the trench that I was in, it would be a bad job for our trenches behind. So I collected all the hand-grenades left in our trench until I had about a hundred in all. There were three steps leading up to the parapet of the trench. For a while I found myself crouched on the middle step. Then I found myself on

the parapet hurling grenades at the Germans. Shells and hand-bombs were bursting all over and around me, but nothing touched me at all. I kept on throwing until help came and the trench was safe. I was pretty well done up when I jumped down into the trench, mad with joy and without a scratch. The relieving party chaffed me a lot, and called me 'The King of the hand-grenades.'

Dwyer gives a thrilling account of the sensation of fear in battle. He must be a lad of uncommon stuff mentally and physically, since he was able, in spite of the concentrated excitement of the moment, to look into and analyse his sensations. "Fear is a funny thing," he says. "It gets you in all kinds of curious ways. When we've been skirmishing in open order under heavy fire, I felt myself go numb. Then the blood has rushed into my face...... head and ears became as hot as fire, and the tip of my tongue swollen into a blob of blood. It isn't nice, I can tell you; but the feeling passes and one's nerves become steadier." He added what showed his real mettle, "I've never expected to get out of any fight I have ever been in. So I try to do my bit and leave it at that."

The Irish at the Front.

* * *

Admiral Sir David Beatty, one of our most gallant officers, wrote some time ago these striking words: "Surely the Almighty God does not intend this war to be just a hideous fracas, a bloody, drunken orgy! There must be a purpose in it all; improvement must be born out of it. In what direction? France has already shown us the way. She has risen out of the ruined cities with her revived religion, which is most wonderful. Russia has been welded into a whole, and religion plays a greater part. England still remains to be shaken out of the stupor of self-satisfaction and complacency in which her great and flourishing condition has steeped her, and until she can be stirred out of this condition and until religious revival takes place at home, just so long will the war continue. When she can look out on the future with humbler eyes and a prayer on her lips, then we can begin to count the days towards the end."

The Noble Leader.

From an Indian at the Front to his Mother. "My work shall be to drive Red Cross Ambulance cars and fetch the wounded from the line to the Field Hospital. I understand there is no danger in this work, but I am not afraid of shot and shell; and if I die, I shall die as a brave son of India. I know you are a brave mother, and your son is no coward either. I have absolute faith in God and that no good action goes unrewarded. So do not worry about my safety, but pray for my protection, and He shall bring me back a better and a braver son."

The Xaverian.

Remarkable Death from Shock.—"A story was told me the other day that brings home to us the minor tragedies of the war. In an Alsatian family a mother and her two sons had French sympathies, and when the war broke out, one son made straight for the frontier and enlisted in the French army. His brother intended to do likewise, but, owing to some delay, was unable to carry out his project and had to serve in Germany. He fought in Alsace, then at Verdun, and, having gone home on leave, discovered that his brother was a prisoner in a German camp, and obtained permission to go and see him. He broke unannounced upon the unfortunate soldier, who, no doubt weakened by suffering and ill-health, started violently when he saw his brother in German uniform, uttered a cry, and fell dead! Our German fighting man returned to his regiment, deeply impressed by what had taken place, and secretly resolved to do his best to join the French army. One night, close to Biaches, the young friend who told me the tale saw a German soldier, unarmed and dripping with water, being taken to headquarters. There he told his story in excellent

French, and related how, under cover of the darkness, he swam across the Somme and gave himself up as a prisoner. Since his brother's death, he found it impossible to remain in the German lines. My informant added that he has now joined a company of Alsatians, who cannot be employed at the Front, where, if taken, they would be shot as deserters, and yet whose peculiar position entitles them to be treated otherwise than the ordinary German prisoners.

* * *

The nonchalant manner in which the sailors regarded their wounds was something wonderful. Occasionally only it had its pathetic aspect, as in the case of a man who went to the dressing station with all the fingers blown off one hand.

"That's rough luck for you," remarked the surgeon.

"It is not so bad," answered the man. "I did not get it half so bad as my brother."

"Where is he, then? Bring him here," said the surgeon.

"I can't," quietly replied the man. "He's drowned in the *Invincible.* I have just seen him go down."

J. J.

Not a Detective Story.*

[*By* EDWARD D. REYNOLDS, B.A.]

The day, he was observing to himself, was worth the living. There was the same zest in life, in spite of yesterday. The killing of a man made no change, after all, in the mood, in the enjoyment of the little things, if only there was the power of courage, the iron will to live. He could laugh at the thought of that killing. . . . And not from a poor consciousness, a weak man's consciousness, of being safe from punishment, was he so unaffected, unfraid; but the deed itself had not jangled his nerves, left no sore wound of memory. Regrettable, truly, it was, but——

Pemberton was, just as he estimated himself, a strong man. Large, yet easy, of frame, big and grim jawed, moustache heavy and bristling gray, an eye that could probe, he looked the power, the regardlessness that took him from the killing of a man, unchanged, still easy of manner, controlled.

He turned in at his club, and, as was his custom, went directly to the card-room. Cavendish, Mellory, and Sampson were already there. They were talking of the murder; two of them rather awed, Mellory more detached, even professional in his manner, but all obviously moved. The murdered man had been close to them. They received Pemberton, as usual, curtly; but there was no suspicion, no thought that it was he, one of the friends of Hardwick, who had killed Hardwick. Nor had Pemberton thought even for a moment that he could be suspected. There was nothing known to these men of certain of his relations with Hardwick; nothing at all that would start suspicion.

Pemberton slipped into a chair and listened, especially to Mellory. Mellory had taken the case. That was good, for Mellory, the detective, would tell these close friends of Hardwick—Sampson, Cavendish, and himself—how the case was progressing. Mellory would, all unwittingly, report his progress in the quest to the murderer himself, sitting opposite at cards, day after day. He observed all this to himself, satisfied

* With apologies and thanks to the Author and to the Editor, Loyola University Magazine, Chicago.

with what he had foreseen, and sat quietly and smoked.

"And do you really think there is a chance of catching the man?" asked Cavendish.

"There is no doubt about it," answered Mellory with vigour.

"But you have found nothing. You have no trace, no clue. Are you going to wish for him? or, perhaps, pray?" urged Pemberton, inwardly laughing his confidence.

"I say there is no doubt of finding him."

"Rubbish! when you have nothing to start upon, how are you going to reach the end?"

Mellory hesitated before replying; fun enough had he provided his friends before by theorizing on his deductive methods. "We do not need much; some very little thing—and then we go for a walk and arrest the man."

Pemberton laughed aloud. "Absurd! There——"

"It's not absurd, I tell you. The man who killed Hardwick is certain to be taken within a month."

"Well, if you insist I dare say he may, —ah—but——" Mellory was indeed amusing; what chance was there of being found out? He could well afford to laugh. Still, it was disconcerting to be told face to face that discovery was certain. Confidence can never meet confidence without one of the two failing, and Pemberton's confidence was guilty.

"I have my own doubts about you detectives," said Cavendish. "You may find him, and you may not. But if he escapes you, he still has himself to keep away from." He smiled provokingly, settled back in his chair, pulled strongly at his cigar, and waited. He had started them off on a new tack; they were an interesting lot when you started them. Mellory looked interested.

Pemberton scoffed. "What do you mean? Is the murderer, after eluding the wiles of Mellory, to be chased by himself, make his own arrest, try himself, and hang himself?"

"Precisely, precisely that. You get the idea entirely," exclaimed Cavendish delightedly. The others laughed. "You think it strange? Well, look at the case as it stands. Hardwick was killed with deliberate design—no hot blood, no robber caught in the act or resisted. There was some unknown reason back of it, a reason that only one of his own associates could have,—and please remember, in all modesty of course, that Hardwick's associates were of an intelligent kind——"

"And is an intelligent man to arrest himself, try himself, and hang himself?" burst in Pemberton.

"Listen, please," Cavendish drew vigorously on the cigar and went on, "you wonder why an intelligent man would hang himself for a murder that he has committed? Now, take yourself for an instance; you are quite intelligent, you have a good nerve. Suppose you had committed the crime. Do you mean to tell me that with your intelligence—and imagination—and with all your nerve, you would not go mad and probably end your life, thinking, just thinking, mind you, of what you had done, what you might have to do to keep it secret? Awake and asleep, you would see the man you murdered. You would be thinking of taking other lives, —Mellory's for instance, when he got too close to you. Believe me, my dear boy, you would be mad enough to hang yourself within a month, if Mellory did not get you first."

Sampson bored, deeply uninterested in detectives, psychologists, tossed the cards before the bright, staring, stricken eyes of Pemberton. "Go on, old bird, they're not after you. Shuffle 'em up."

Pemberton played, but he no longer felt his laughing confidence. Worse, he *knew* he was shaken; he *knew* that he did not feel the same ease; he began to be afraid of himself, afraid that he should be afraid. The words of Cavendish kept recurring. Perhaps, as Cavendish said, the thoughts of his deed could

after all obsess him, drive him to madness. . . . Then there was Mellory; what unaccountable confidence he had. Could there, after all, be some chance of being found out? There must be, for there was Mellory's sure belief. Doubt, fear, then panic caught him up. . . . In the quick succession of his fears, all of his own assurance was gone. For the first time there came to him a vision of an inevitable conclusion; and through it he played, talked, drank. At last sheer panic swirled over him. He threw back his chair and almost fled.

Limp in his rooms, he found some calm, and drove his soul into a semblance of courage. Cavendish was, after all, given to whimsey and nonsense, Mellory over-confident. And there was this, a thing already calculated: Mellory would tell him of his various steps, his progress in the case. If he should ever reach a certain point, a point beyond which discovery would be certain, —well, Mellory would go as Hardwick went, to hide secrets. A confidence returned to him, but it was not the same confidence of the afternoon on the way to the club.

"Yes," Cavendish was saying some days later, "I suppose the poor fellow has been having a hard go of it." Observing the doubting sneer on Pemberton's lips, he continued, "I'll admit the man might not be greatly disturbed for the first days, might even enjoy them—excitement still on him, you know—but then—we like to forget things. We don't care to remember forever. A few days, say, and our murderer would try to forget. Then he would find that he could not—something like trying to sleep. After that——"

"Cavendish! play your cards!"

"My dear Pemberton, I was only—"

"Play!" Would the fellow never cease? Pulling, sticking, twisting his thoughts, putting them in horrible calmness before him, laughing over him it would seem, Cavendish was destroying cruelly with a word all his hard rebuilt self-confidence. He knew his agonized mind; no need for Cavendish to bare it, to explain.

"Well, there you are—but as I was saying, the next stage would be an utter loss of self-control, a despondency that would naturally lead——"

"Cavendish, you are horrible. Forget that wretched fool. As if he must go through all this—this that you talk about."

"But, Pemberton, imagine yourself in his position; what would you do?"

"Not go mad, certainly!" Pemberton was almost vicious.

"I assure you, you would. You are just the temperament for that sort of thing."

Pemberton did not answer. Again his own weak assurance was destroyed by the calmer accusing assurance of the other. He now believed Cavendish more than Cavendish believed himself. He saw the whole train of memory, reproach, fear, before him. He made no attempt to deny them, yet he blindly drove his fading remnants of courage, his iron nerve.

Mellory finally spoke up.

"I don't think your old lunatic will hang himself, Cavendish. I am going to find him before he can do that, and, as I said, within the month." More of this assurance. He was again full of fear.

"Anything new? Have you discovered anything?" he sharply demanded. He was fast losing control of that outward show. There was no more of that languid interest which he first evinced toward the case. He fought Cavendish; he almost begged information of Mellory.

"Just a few new hints. Nothing that can immediately clear up the matter. Of course, there is no hurry; we are so certain."

"Great heavens, are you another fellow like Cavendish? Are you so sure of getting this man that you consider it a fact accomplished?"

"Yes, of course. But don't be so serious about it," he added, laughing.

"It isn't your funeral. By the way, Cavendish, what odds that your system gets him first?"

"None. It's about even, to my mind."

Again there was the vision of inevitable fate, the absolute confidence of Cavendish, Mellory's, too. It was only a question of which should win. . . . But before Cavendish won, he must kill Mellory, who was coming close. . . . Of course, after that, who could tell? But there would be one effort, and there was Mellory sitting across the table from him.

And Mellory was now talking of old days; the friendships, the early hardships, Sampson, Cavendish, Mellory, Pemberton, Hardwick, the sudden stresses when each proved a friend to the other. . . . And there was Mellory, another of them, whom one day he would kill.

Then for days Pemberton waited. He thought; he had the face of Hardwick with him; of Mellory as he talked of their friendship; he wondered whether he would be able to kill again, for always in thought he could do no more than raise his weaponed hand. He was always cold, clammy, weakening cold. Even when he thought he had forgotten everything of Mellory and Hardwick, he remembered he was cold, and then recalled what made him cold. He waited, first impatiently, then almost in a panic, to rush to Mellory and tell enough to make killing come; but he waited for Mellory to find out for himself. The days went on with nervous games of cards, with Cavendish grimacing his psychophatic prophecies of madness and suicide, and Mellory complacently certain and exasperatingly uninterested in the case, he thought. But Mellory was putting bit to bit and drawing close.

"I am going East to-night," said Mellory one day. "I have another trace that will clear up the whole matter within three days." Pemberton had waited long enough; here was the sign. "When Mellory goes East," he had thought weeks before, "that will be the time; for he will know who killed Hardwick when he gets back—if he does go."

He left the club before the dinner hour, stmbled into his darkened rooms, and, scarcely thinking, stirred the fire to life and dropped heavily into a chair beside it.

He had till midnight. Mellory was to take the train then. Before that time he could call him; some easy excuse and Mellory would come, and that would be all——

But at the thought he felt the cold running through him; then a strange dread of moving a finger, his head, or a foot, as if to do so would start the train of action that he hated. Even breathing was hard; again motion seemed to deny him the annihilation that he was beginning to wish. A pressure was on his head that seemed relieved only by pressing his eyelids shut till they pained. He was ceasing to think, only dimly conscious of something that hurt him. He forgot Hardwick, Mellory. There was the weight on his head, the clammy chill, the ache in his heart, the dread of moving; but he had forgotten the reason for them.

A half hour; an hour; the fire died down again, and mechanically he woke to stir it.

What was the matter with him? He had almost forgotten—oh—Hardwick, Mellory.

A very spasm racked him—why could there be no hope? Why must he think of Hardwick? Why must Mellory close in on him so remorselessly, so inevitably? It was just as Cavendish said; there was no relief, — think, think, no forgetting, no avoidance, no hope—it was madness as Cavendish promised or discovery by Mellory. Of course he could kill Mellory, but there was still Cavendish and his prophecies. It would be doubly hard, nay, doubly impossible, to forget both Hardwick and Mellory. Which course....

There was no hope, and he was too tired to hope anyhow. How like a mirage did that gay vivid afternoon of the day after Harkwick's death appear now! How tired he was! And what a pleasant, restful figure was death! Why not beckon it now? It would only be as Cavendish foretold. He had now fanatic faith in Cavendish's words; but he had no faith in God. As for death, there was nothing to say "no" to him; no God before him to ordain when he should die.

What would it be? Cavendish or Mellory? End his own life, as Cavendish said; or let himself be caught, as Mellory promised? Still, he could kill Mellory—yet what was the use? Which was the course? ......

Again he fell back in the chair limp. Again he felt only the cold, the weight on his brain, the fear of moving; only he was now more tired, much more tired. How much easier was only this much of nothingness, this much cessation from weary thinking! Only to make it complete.

Another hour, another; only faint glowing from the grate; the little clock struck off ten.

Ten o'clock; two hours to get Mellory. It was now to decide or forever put his fate in the hands of Mellory. The agony of the moment wrung him. He would call Mellory—but Cavendish said there was no use in calling Mellory—Cavendish was a fool; he talked of weak men of his own heart—he would call Mellory... his last effort......

He moved toward the cabinet where was the quick, silent, glittering weapon—but, there, now, was the worst, the last of the tricks of fate—. He had his hand on the knob; he could not, dared not turn it; he could not look at the glittering thing again...... tricked. ......

With a sob he fell back into the chair.

It was as Cavendish bad said. Pemberton was mad. He got up; down the stairs and out of the house slowly; then to the East and the river.

Editorial Notes.

Our article 'University Reform' was already printed when a very interesting pamphlet came under our notice. It is a reprint of 'Part II of the Final Report of the Royal Commission on University Education in London,' and has been presented by the Government of India Bureau of Education presumably to all the members of the senate of each of the Indian Universities. It ought to serve as matter for reflection to all those interested in higher education in India.

The preface says :—

'In 1910 an important Royal Commission was appointed in England to examine and report on University Education in London. The specific duties of the Commission were: "To enquire into the working of the present organisation of the University of London, and into other facilities for advanced education (general, professional and technical) existing in London for persons of either sex above secondary school age; to consider what provision should exist in the Metropolis for University teaching and research; to make recommendations as to the relations which should in consequence subsist between the University of London, its incorporated Colleges, the Imperial College of Science and Technology, the other Schools of the University, and the various public institutions and bodies concerned; and further to recommend as to any changes of constitution and organisation which appear desirable; regard being had to the facilities

for education and research which the Metropolis should afford for specialist and advanced students in connection with the provision existing in other parts of the United Kingdom and of Our Dominions beyond the Seas." The Commission consisted of Lord Haldane (Chairman), Lord Milner, Sir Robert Romer, Sir Robert Morant, Mr. Laurence Currie, Mr. W. S. M'Cormick, Mr. E. B. Sargant and Mrs. Creighton. It accordingly included some of the best known authorities in the United Kingdom, and its Report, which was presented in 1913, is a document of great importance. All portions of the Report are valuable, but the portion which is of most general interest is Part II which deals with the essentials of a University in a great centre of population. As it is not always easy for persons interested in education in India to lay their hands on a blue book of this character, it has been thought advisable by the Bureau of Education in India to reprint and distribute copies of the Part of the Report above referred to.

The Report itself is entitled "The Final Report of the Commissioners of the Royal Commission on University Education in London" and is numbered Cd. 6717 and priced at 2s. It can be obtained through booksellers from the Agents for the sale of Government publications in the United Kingdom.'

We regret that we cannot just now make any comment on the portion of the Report before us. We shall do so in our next issue in July. It must suffice for the present to say that we have not discovered in it anything which could be opposed to the scheme of Reform set forth in this issue. We have, on the contrary, been particularly pleased to find that our views of a University for the Presidency are in perfect agreement with what the report considers to be the Essentials of a University in a great centre of population.

* * * *

Mr. P. J. Thomas has requested us to offer his apologies to his readers for the long delay of the third instalment of his paper on "The Literary Activities of Catholic Missionaries in South India." We are confident that he will be readily excused by every one who had been looking forward for the promised sketches of the life of de Nobili and of Beschi. Mr. Thomas was very busy with the final preparation for the Honours Examination. He passed out in First class and won the *Norton Prize* and the *Raja Sir Ramaswami Gold Medal.* He subsequently obtained one of the 'University Studentships' and is now engaged on research work in the history of the Malabar Coast. His comments on the works of Vira Mamuniver will be given in our July number.

* * * *

We are very happy to be able to announce that our next number will contain a paper on the New Tamil Lexicon now in preparation at the expense of Government, under the direction of the Rev. Dr. J. S. Chandler, the leading European Tamil scholar in India. Those who are interested in Oriental studies will welcome information as to the nature and purpose of the work which will give a new impetus to the study of Tamil.

Scraps.

Man's soul is like a musical instrument from which the divine spirit can draw the most exquisite harmony as He has done from millions of saintly souls. But if not responsive to His touch, it gives out harsh discordant sounds marring the harmony of God's world.

Man can live like an angel, or like a demon, or like a brute animal. (*Ricaby.*)

Every new privilege is accompanied by a new duty.

Labour—the expenditure of vital energy in some form—is the measure, nay, it is the maker of values.—*Holland.*

Surely the equity of Providence has balanced peculiar sufferings with peculiar enjoyments.—*Johnson.*

Getting over life's rough places bruises some and leaves them helpless; others it hardens and makes stronger than before.

The natural instincts of a generous heart shrink from an inveterate hatred as the child shrinks from the snake in its path.—*George S. Hilliard.*

* * * *

"Many a beau might have been a scholar, if he had consulted books with the same attention with which he hath consulted a looking-glass."

* * * *

Teacher. Why do you put a hyphen, a little bar like that - , in bird-cage.

Little boy. Please, sir, for the little bird to perch on.

* * * *

A. Tommy. Have you any ancestors?

B. Tommy. What are ancestors?

A. Why, the people you sprung from.

B. Listen to me, I come from the real old stock that sprung from nobody. We sprung at them.

* * * *

"Good gracious!" shouted the station-master to a coolie pulling a loaded truck,—"it would be easier if you pushed it."

"No doubt," was the answer, "but I am tired of the sight of it."

* * * *

A rogue was asked by a chum how much he paid for the coat he had on. He answered, "Not much; there was no one in the shop when I bought it".

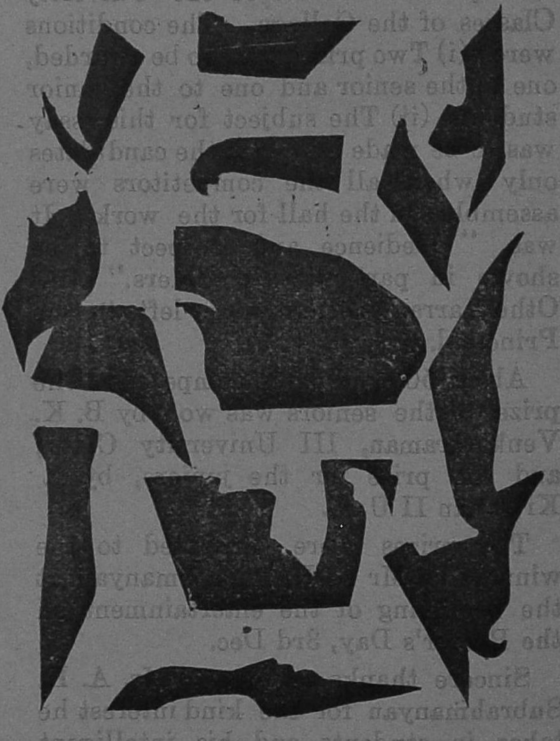
* * * *

A riding instructor to a wooden-headed pupil: "You must never approach horses from the rear. If you do, you will get a kick on the head, and then we shall have a lame horse on our hands."

* * * *

"And when shall I take the sleeping-draught, doctor?"

"Well, about fifteen minutes before you go to sleep."



Make a tracing of each block and arrange them so as to get the silhouette of a circus elephant.

S. N. Ramamurti,
III U. Class.

The Father Sewell Memorial Fund.

The following remittances have been made to the Father Sewell Memorial Fund :—

"Lydia," England	..	Rs.	75
Mr. A. Aruljaga Row, Rangoon	..	,,	10
Mrs. I. I. Sewell, England	..	,,	180
The Hon'ble Sir P. S. Sivaswami Aiyar		,,	25
Mr. A. K. Subrahmanyan, Trichinopoly	..	,,	5
,, P S. Sitaraman, Mesopotamia		,,	10
,, M. V. Mathew	...	,,	1

This brings the total of the contributions paid to Rs. 2952-8-7.

Deposited in Urban bank Trichinopoly	..	Rs.	2000-0-0
Expenses	..	,,	269-0-0
Balance in hand	..	,,	683-8-7
Total		,,	2952-8-7

Fr. Sewell Memorial Committee.
16 Feb. 1917.
V. KRISHNASWAMI.

College Notes.

Mr. A. K. Subrahmanyan, an influential member of the business community of this town, presented Rs. 25 for prizes for essay-writing to be competed for by the students of the Univerity Classes of the College. The conditions were : (i) Two prizes were to be awarded, one to the senior and one to the junior students. (ii) The subject for this essay was to be made known to the candidates only when all the competitors were assembled in the hall for the work. It was "Obedience and Respect to be shown in particular to Elders." (iii) Other arrangements were left to the Principal.

About 50 candidates competed. The prize for the seniors was won by B. K. Venkataraman, III University Class; and the prize for the juniors, by R Krishnan II U. C.

The prizes were presented to the winners by Mr A. K. Subrahmanyan at the beginning of the entertainment on the Rector's Day, 3rd Dec.

Sincere thanks are due to Mr. A. K. Subrahmanyan for the kind interest he takes in students and his intelligent efforts to encourage them to cultivate English composition. It is highly desirable such interest should be shared by enlightened citizens of this town, and that students should be induced to meditate on the important subject Mr Subrahmanyan set for the competition.

The Museum

Since we last wrote of the Museum in the Magazine, several important improvements have been made, and a number of new specimens received. It is gratifying to note that the interest which our past and present pupils take in the Museum seems to grow greater and greater and to take the practical form of trying to discover what they can do to improve our collections. The room is fast becoming too small, and the Curator sees the day approaching when he will be forced to go to Fr. Rector and ask for more space. Our friends will doubtless do their best to hasten that day.

During the last Christmas vacations it was found necessary to make one more large show-case for birds, as our indefatigable Nimrod had been somewhat busy with his gun during the past year, and had overfilled the existing show-cases. The birds were so close together that it was impossible to distinguish the individual specimens.

A number of interesting archæological remains, mostly old pottery dug up in the Pudukota state, were presented to

the College Museum by the Curator of the Pudukotta State Museum, M. R. Ry. K. Venkataranga Raju. We profit by this occasion to thank him once more.

A very large sea-turtle, *Chelone Mydas*, brought alive all the way from Tuticorin, was given us by a pupil of the II U.C., K. Pattabiraman, who had long shown a desire to contribute something. His gift was very welcome, as the turtle was considerably larger than any specimen of the kind in the Museum. We have not space to describe in detail all the other specimens and articles received; we merely pick out the following:—

A genuine native shield with a number of arrows, many-barbed, said to have been brought from Africa.

A somewhat primitive violin from Tibet was sent us from Kurseong by Rev. J. B. Astruc, S.J., whom some still remember as their teacher of Natural History two years ago.

A Buddhist prayer-wheel, presented by T. S. Desikachari, B.A., a former pupil, who, in his College days not very long ago, always kept one eye wide open looking for things to send us.

A beautiful specimen of Barking Deer, presented by Rev. Fr. Pages S.J., Manalur.

A young crocodile from Madagascar, presented by S. D. Amalanadan, Student II Form, St. Joseph's College.

For all these gifts and many others we tender our most hearty thanks.

* * *

Stamp-collecting is a universal and very popular hobby among students; and even persons of a more advanced age and sedate character do not despise it. We have now decided to have our own collection of stamps in the museum. We had long ago thought of such a collection, but had been debarred by the apparent difficulty of exhibiting the stamps. An album, except for a private collection, is an impossible arrangement. The difficulty has at last been solved by the plan of arranging the stamps on both sides of a glass screen, where the whole collection can be seen at a single glance, and the stamps will not be spoilt by frequent fingering. A beginning was made in January, and we trust that with the help of our many friends we shall soon have a collection the Museum need not be ashamed of.

With his usual boldness (some might call it impudence) our Curator has addressed an appeal to a number of Old Boys of the College in a position to help him. We here reprint the appeal for the benefit of our present pupils:

To The Old Boys
St. Joseph's College, Trichinopoly.

The Museum of the College contains a number of valuable collections—butterflies, beetles, snakes, shells, old weapons, etc.—but it has not yet its collection of Postage Stamps. The Father in charge of the Museum has determined to make one, and has already begun. He now appeals to the Old Boys who take an interest in the Museum to co-operate with him, and so enable him to make the collection as complete as possible.

He would like them to collect all good foreign postage-stamps that come into their hands, as well as Indian stamps (above 1 anna in value), and all stamps of Ceylon, the Straits, the Malay States, Mauritius, Borneo, etc. All kinds will be welcome and in any quantity, as large quantities of any stamp can always be exchanged for others.

He does not ask them to go to any expense or to take any great trouble over the work, but merely to put aside what stamps they come across, and when they have gathered a sufficient number, to send them to him by registered letter or by parcel.

He trusts this appeal will meet with a generous response, and thanks in advance all who will help him.

FATHER NEWTON, S.J.,
St. Joseph's College,
February, 1917. *Trichinopoly.*
Teppakulam.

Convocation.

Owing to the Cyclone on the 22nd Nov. 1916, very many of our 88 B.A. and 21 B.A. Hons. graduates were unable to reach Madras. Our Photograph of this year's Convocation is therefore very incomplete.

The Union.

Elocution Contest.

The elocution contest for the year 1916-17 was held on Friday the 16th Feb., at 4 P.M. Rev. F. Bertram, Principal, presided. Ten members competed. Fathers Quinn and Bourdot, and Messrs. S. Arpudaswamy Udayar and P. A. Ganesa Aiyar were the Judges. Marks were given as usual for oratorical bearing, gesticulation, pronunciation, intonation, power to fix attention, and appropriateness of the piece chosen for declamation.

The prize-winners were :—

First Prize.

K. J. Cletus, II University Class.

Second Prize.

R. S. Sreenivasan, III Honours Class.

Third in merit.

N. Anantha Narayanan, III Hon. Class.

Fourth in merit.

K. Govindan Nair, IV University Class.

The general opinion of the members corroborated the decision of the judges. I wish to take this opportunity of expressing the thanks of the Elocution Section to Father Rector for awarding a Second Prize. We hope that his thoughtful generosity will make the award of a second prize a permanent institution.

K. N. RAJAGOPALAN,
Secretary.

Games ('16-'17.)

Hockey.

Hockey, hitherto popular among the Boarders, captivated the hearts of the day-scholars this year, and the result was that they were prominent in the principal team and were its mainstay. But still better. The captain insisted that discipline means success. On this principle, he definitely set himself the task of raising the efficiency of his team to an indisputable level and spared neither himself nor his men. No week passed without a hard match between our teams.

An opportunity soon presented itself for our A team to prove its mettle. About the middle of November last the Association Hockey Tournament commenced. As usual, the teams of the two Colleges, the S. P. G. and ourselves, stood for the finals. With the memory of the previous year's incident still fresh and with the consciousness of being fit, our players began their attack.

They scored with ease and were confident of victory, when a whipping Trichy downpour of rain made every one run. But

> " He who fights and runs away
> May live to fight another day."

The two teams met again. The opponents showed greater power of resistance than before. During the first half, their forwards paid one or two dangerous visits to our rings. But the timely help of Arogyaswami and Aiyadurai, and the cool vigilance of the custodian Seturaman, set matters right.

On changing sides the play was equal for some time; but soon young Ekka took the lead, and on went our forwards in a feverish charge. The stinging shot of Benedict made Fortune dizzy; but she wiped the wonder out of her eyes, and smiled upon us. The victors were rewarded, on the Rector's day, with silver medals. To the captain of the team, Ambrose David, congratulations and respectful *Salaams.*

Tennis.

The Tennis Club is all right again; Singaravelu, our well-known champion, is senior member. With him 'the old order' returned. He represented the

College in the Lakshmi Bai's Presidency Tournament, and added a sprig to his laurels. His presence on the court was not a little responsible for the excellent play all round. His brother, Sanjivi, co-operated with him in the Presidency Doubles Tournament and won applause. As Singaravelu graciously withdrew to give a chance to his juniors, his brother won for a second time the College Gold Medal (Tennis).

K. N. RAGHAVACHARI B.A.

15th February, 1917.

The Poor Boy Fund.

Extracts from The Annual Report,
1915 - 16.

St. Joseph's College is one of the largest institutions in Southern India. Students flock to it from all parts, in such numbers that its strength now runs to four digits. Unfortunately, the desire for education, in the case of many, outruns their resources. It may be said that about 25 or 30 per cent of the students are too poor to defray the expenses of a college education. No doubt, a fair number of them receive college scholarships; but there are, without exaggeration, at least 15 per cent of them that are left to shift for themselves as best they can. No one that has the good of India at heart, can be deaf to the appeal of these poor students, or can shut his eyes to the pitiable condition in which they are.

We are glad to say that our appeal to the public has not been unheeded, and that, thanks to the generosity of our benefactors, some students have already received and are still receiving substantial help.

The fund, though mainly intended for Hindu boys studying in the University classes, does not, however, exclude any student by reason of his caste or creed. At the same time, the wishes of the donors are carefully noted and duly followed whenever they attach any conditions to their gifts.

The contributions to the Fund are of two kinds—donations which go to the permanent Fund, the interest accruing therefrom being alone used for annual distributions; and annual subscriptions which are mainly utilised for distribution, a small percentage being appropriated to the permanent Fund, as the Committee may decide from time to time. So far, we have been able to secure only Rs. 500 for our permanent Fund. In the annual subscriptions, however, we have been somewhat more fortunate.

In the year 1914-15 (from April to March) the Committee partly met the tuition fees of 19 out of 24 applicants, the expenditure on scholarships amounting to Rs. 565. But the year 1915-16 saw little, if any, progress, as many of the subscriptions fell into arrears,—a fact due no doubt to the war, and to the many consequent calls on the purse of our friends and benefactors. Accordingly we had to tighten the strings of our modest purse, and, much to our regret, decided not to consider fresh applications for help. All we could do was to continue the scholarships of the previous year, eliminating, of course, students who either had finished their course, or had failed to satisfy the Committee with their progress in studies, and had thus rendered themselves ineligible for scholarships. The number so helped was only 12, and the sum distributed amounted to Rs. 430-8-0.

Even this modest sum would have been beyond the means of the Committee, but for the timely assistance given to it by a Sister-Association started mainly for the purpose. The Star of India Dramatic Club, Trichinopoly, placed at the disposal of the Poor Boy Fund Committee Rs. 264-11-0, the balance of its earnings in the first year of its existence.

We are not a little elated with having secured the esteemed patronage of one of the most charitable citizens of the town, M. R. Ry. S. Rm. M. Ct. Pethachi Chettiar Avl., Zemindar of Andipatti, who has fitly earned the most enviable name of the 'Friend of the Poor Stu-

dent.' We owe a deep debt of gratitude to the Rev. Fr. Bertram, Rector and Principal of this College, for the constant interest he takes in the welfare of the Fund, and for the liberal donation he awards annually. Our thanks are also due in large measure to the charitable gentlemen of the town and elsewhere who have given us substantial donations or who award annual scholarships. We should not fail to express our admiration and thankfulness to our young friends of the Star of India Dramatic Club, for their spirit of self-sacrifice in staging plays frequently for the benefit of this Fund.

The Star of India

(DRAMATIC CLUB)

Extracts from the Annual Report.

In the September 1915, some students of the College were gathered together by the Secretary of the Poor Boy Fund, to be trained to play for the benefit of the Fund, 'The Miser', one of the best comedies of Moliere. Even before the play was put on the boards in October, the idea of forming themselves into an amateur club had occurred to the little group of actors, and was carried into effect on the 1st November, 1915. The club was called "The Star of India Dramatic Club."

The circumstances under which the Club first saw the light suggest that its primary object should be to render as much financial help as possible to the Poor Boy Fund. But it will also incidentally promote the development of the latent histrionic talents of its members, the fostering of the idea of brotherhood among them, and the cultivation of the spirit of self-sacrifice.

The club began with 24 members, and has at present 105 on the rolls. Membership is open to the lay staff, and to the day-scholars of St. Joseph's College, and is of three classes:—The first class consists of members who pay a subscription of Rs. 3 per year; and the second class of those who pay Rs. 1-8-0 per year. Honorary Members, who are chosen as such by the Committee for good services rendered to the Club, form the other class.

The management is in the hands of a Committee consisting of 12 members the office-bearers being chosen from the staff. The existing Committee is going to retire, and the general body will soon have to elect a fresh one.

The first few members of the Club staged 'The Miser' only after having been assured that they might form themselves into an amateur club as soon, after the play, as possible. We may therefore be allowed to include this first play among the theatrical performances of the year under review. We have so far put on the boards three different plays: 'The Miser,' 'The Impostures of Scapin', and 'The Merchant of Venice.' But if we take into account the re-staging of these plays at Trichinopoly and elsewhere, the members have appeared in public eight times. The *Miser* was enacted under the kind patronage of the Rev. Father Rector, St. Joseph's College, in the Lawley Hall, on the 16th and 23rd October, 1915, and, again at Srirangam on the 15th December 1915. *Scapin* was first staged at Trichinopoly at the end of February 1916.

In May the Club made bold to make its appearance at Madura where it produced the *Miser* and *Scapin* on the 14th and 16th respectively in St. Mary's School Hall, under the esteemed patronage of M. R. Ry. D. M. Durai Rajah Avargal of Pudukottah.

Lastly, we played 'The Merchant of Venice' on the 2nd September 1916 in the Lawley Hall, Trichinopoly; and again in the same hall on the 16th, under the kind patronage of the Hon'ble Sir P. S. Sivaswami Aiyar K.C.S.I., C.I.E.

From the first, our performances won much applause for the actors. A gentleman of Madura very kindly expressed himself much pleased with the ease and naturalness of our actors, which was a striking contrast to the stiff and unnatural action of so many amateurs. Whatever it be, we may, without boast-

ing, say that zeal and earnestness characterise our players.

Financially, however, 'The Miser' and 'The Merchant of Venice' were the only plays which fetched a decent profit. The financial failures on the other occasions are accounted for by the unfortunate choice of the dates of the performances. Experience has taught us to rely on students as our best supporters, provided their studies are not interfered with.

At Srirangam it was the occasion of the grand Ekadasi festival and at Madura that of the Provincial Conference. Again, at Madura, it unfortunately fell out that we were unintentionally in competition with the famous Suguna Vilasa Sabha of Madras, too formidable a rival for our infant club. We shall be more careful in the future regarding the choice of the dates for our performances.

On the whole, however, the Club has earned Rs. 986-1-0. We spent Rs. 283-4-5 on dresses, etc. Other incidental expenses on lights, notices, Municipal license, etc., amount to Rs. 361-7-0. We have given the Poor Boy Fund Rs. 264-11-0, and to some poor boys of the High School classes, Rs. 15. The balance amounts to Rs. 61-10-7.

Our actors are all students. A pleasing feature in them all is their earnestness, their consciousness of their limitations in the histrionic line, and their consequent docility. I have it on good authority that these good qualities make an excellent impression on all that come in contact with them; and I am confident that the formation they are thus receiving will have the happiest results.

Care is taken lest histrionics should be detrimental to their studies. Accordingly, we produce the actors in rotation as far as possible, so that no particular member be taxed too heavily by repeated appearances. Their progress in studies is closely watched, and if a member falls behind, he is not only spared, but, if necessary, removed from membership.

We are glad to say that our vigilance and care in this respect have not been in vain. Out of 8 actors that appeared for the last Intermediate Examination 6 have passed, one taking a first class. All our members except one have secured promotions from the junior to the senior classes, a feat of no mean significance in St. Joseph's College.

Our short experience has suggested that music is an essential adjunct to successful acting, and we have been strongly urged to start an orchestra. The suggestion is very tempting, and we shall act on it, so soon as circumstances and funds permit.

"Old Boys"

(*in Mesopotamia.*)

1. P. S. Sitaram, one of the Tennis Champions.

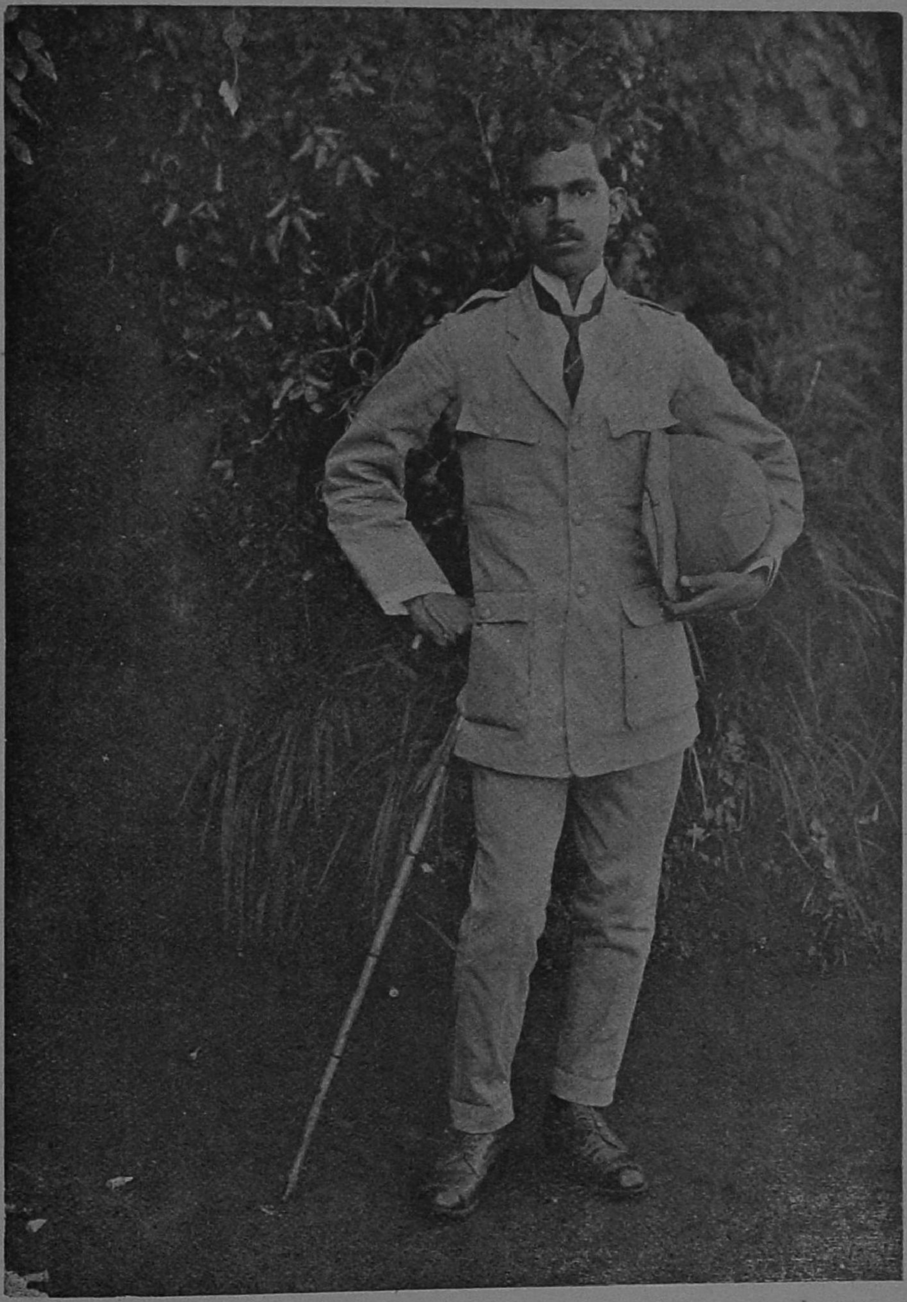
2. R. Arogyaswami of Ootacamund.

3. M. Pichaimuttu of Coimbatore.

4. T. A. Ponnuswami.

5. Jacob K. Cyriacose, alias Kuriacose K. Kattikaran, S. & T. Corps (photo).

And others from whom we have not heard.



JACOB K. CYRIACOSE (S. & T. Corps.)

Obituary.

Rev. Father Heraudeau.

Many who were students of the College 1883-1901, will no doubt recollect Father Heraudeau. Catholic students especially will remember him; but as he was Assistant Manager, i. e., concerned with the collecting of fees, very many of our Hindu 'Old Boys' will also recollect him.

Father Heraudeau was born on the 8th August 1846 in the Island of Ré on the west coast of France. He joined the Society of the Jesuits in 1863, a mere boy. After the usual initial training of seven years, he was sent to serve in a College in the island Réunion where he did both prefecting and teaching work. The young Creoles he had to deal with do not seem to have been a perfectly docile lot. Fr. Heraudeau, however, had a special gift for dealing with incorrigibles, which showed itself not only in Réunion but also later on in Trichinopoly. One lad had been given up as a hopeless case, and the Rector had advised teachers and prefects not to waste time on him. Fr. Heraudeau was not a man to believe any case hopeless; and in fact, very few, if any, boys are wicked, though most of them have either too much heavy lead in their veins or else too much quicksilver. In time and out of time Fr. Heraudeau appealed to the boy's sense of honour which fortunately was keen, and brought him to control himself, his temper, his language, and his fists for a short time every day with the result that Guillaume was one of the finest men and 'social servants' that College turned out.

After successful work in the Réunion Fr. Heraudeau returned to France. There he studied and lectured in different colleges. He had, however, always great hopes of being sent back to Réunion or at least to Madagascar. But he received orders for India in 1881. After a few months' stay at Tuticorin and at Negapatam, he was appointed Minister of St. Joseph's in Trichinopoly. He was later appointed Asst. Manager, and finally Chaplain to the Boarders. Many "Old Boys" will remember him as Asst. Manager, both to their cost and to his, for that was a time when students were only just beginning to learn that modern education in India implies the disagreeable concomitant of fees.

It was as Chaplain to the Catholic Boarders that Fr. Heraudeau did his best work in Trichinopoly. How many undesirables, troublesome boys, and indifferent Catholics had to surrender to Fr. Heraudeau, and cherish his memory to-day. He started the Association of Catholic Former Pupils which counted last Easter 1032 members and which for the last twenty-eight years has never failed to have its annual meeting and to bring back to the College three times every year groups of about 50 or 60 'Old Boys' for a spiritual retreat and social gathering. Of course we cannot think of any thing like an account of Fr. Heraudeau's work as it lay chiefly in the spiritual life of Catholic young men and remains now a secret only for themselves.

In 1901 Fr. Heraudeau was summoned to Paris to look after the finances and the financial needs of the Madura Mission. He left in tears saying that he was leaving his heart here among his Indian children. He worked at his anxious and often thankless task till the beginning of December last when he caught a heavy cold which resulted in pneumonia. He seemed to be getting on very nicely and the Doctor had allowed him to sit up for a while in an arm-chair. With great charity, but with great imprudence, Fr. Heraudeau, thought himself quite fit enough to leave his room twice in the same day to go and comfort a neighbour in affliction. In the evening he had a bad relapse. After a short time of delirium, and then of prostration, he recovered consciousness. That lightheartedness which had been his characteristic during his seventy years and which was

based on his thorough contentment with all the ways of Divine Providence, lasted till the end. He received with evident pleasure the rites of the dying, and in spite of his heavy breathing, his ejaculations could not be mistaken: "God be blessed for His goodness!", and "I am so happy!" Fr. Heraudeau died on Tuesday the 6th Dec. 1916.

The late Rev. A. Constant S.J.

[*Killed at Verdun, 25th Oct. 1916.*]

An army doctor writes from Verdun; "It was 10 A.M. of the day on which Douaumont was recaptured. We were anxiously waiting, in order of attack, for the signal to sally forth. I saw Fr. Constant coming towards me and I went forward to meet him; we had a friendly chat. He told me that though his division did not take part in the attack, he had come up in the hope of being useful to the men. I expressed surprise at his leaving a place of safety 800 metres from the front line, and coming into our inferno. He replied: "There is already a priest down there. I shall be more useful here". Then smiling and calm, he conversed with our *chasseurs* with great affability, spoke to them words of hope, and offerd each one a cigarette.

11-20 A.M. The time for our attack was coming. We could hardly hear one another in the deafening noise..."Fix Bayonets!"... He was standing on the parapet and blessing line after line as they dashed out of the trench. I shook hands with him, and requested him to transmit to my family my last adieu, and, in the smoke, we set off. The trench he was standing by was covered by the barrage of the German guns and an army doctor was killed by his side. He helped the wounded and comforted the dying, undisturbed by the shells that constantly covered him with earth. The evening of the following day, after two sleepless days, he retired to a notoriously unsafe shelter, to take some rest, when, as I have said, he could so easily have sought safety in a shelter free from danger. A 210-shell fell on the dug-out and killed him with three officers. I write these lines inviting you to honour the memory of this hero, as we did when we learned his death at the foot of the battered fort of Douaumont."—J. G.

Mention in the army despatch :—

"A. Constant, chaplain, 9th Infantry Division, conspicuous on all occasions by his devotedness and bravery. 24th October 1916 he went spontaneously to the first line to encourage the *Chasseurs* who were about to deliver an attack; he was killed while performing the functions of his ministry among the wounded of the *Chasseur* batallions."

He had acted as English interpreter during the first year of the War.

C. S. Seshadri.

I was unprepared to receive the news of the death of my friend, C. S. Seshadri. I was at Madras for Christmas, and on the 30th Dec., I was about to post a New Year card to him when a letter from one of my friends at Trichi told me that C. S. Seshadri breathed his last on the 25th, and that he died of Plague-fever. It seemed to me a dream, for only a week before I parted from him, and then he was in sound health. I could only lament the irreparable loss of a good friend.

C. S. Seshadri was a student of St. Michael's High School, Coimbatore. He was the favourite of Rev. Fr. Boulanger, the head-master of the school. He passed the S. S. L. C. examination very creditably, and joined this institution. From the first, he won the good-will and favour of his professors, who very soon cherished high hopes of him and grieved over his untimely death. Seshadri was an assiduous student, but yet so cheerful and kind a companion, that he was very popular among the First Year men. His death is a loss to the whole class.

S. V. GANAPATI,
I U. Class.

Mr. R. Natarajan.

It is with feelings of profound regret that I inform the sportsmen of the College that Mr. R. Natarajan, our football champion, breathed his last on Friday the 30th June 1916 at his coun-

try house in Santhanur, Sattur. The deceased was suffering from an attack of malaria for a time. He recovered from the malady, and while still in the convalescent state, a sudden failure of heart caused his premature death. He was three years our College student, and during all this time he was loved and admired as a brilliant player of rare ability and extraordinary vigour, and most of our success in the field of sports was due to him. All his friends and acquaintances had great hopes in him and expected to see him in positions of honour and responsibility. The news of his death came as a great shock to us all, athletes and non-athletes alike.

Though a native of Sattur, Mr. Natarajan was born and brought up in Trivandrum, where his father was an Assistant Surgeon in the state service. After the lamented death of his father, Mr. Natarajan removed his family to Sattur and joined our College in the sixth form. He had a distinguished pass in the School Final examination and won the College first prize in Botany. After two years in the College, he entered Government service as a Deputy Ranger in the Madura District—a post well suited for a sturdy constitution like his. But severe exposure in the wilds of the forest brought on the dreadful malaria, which so unexpectedly deprived us of him.

C. P. Krishna Pillai,

IV U. Class.

Correspondence.

Malabar and the Nayars.

To

The Editor.

In a recent article in the Magazine on "Malabar and the Origin of the Nayars," I found the following startling conclusions :—(i) The Nayars are a mixture of Dravidians, Aryans and Scythians, (ii) The Nambudiris of Malabar are not of Aryan descent, (iii) The Malayalam language is as ancient and as independent a Dravidian language as Tamil. Though all the three conclusions are more or less controvertible, time and space allow me to examine only the third. I do not deny that Malayalam is *now* to be considered as a sister of Tamil, but I believe that *in origin* Malayalam must be considered as only a daughter of Tamil. To an earnest student of South Indian history and Davidian philology this is probably the only defensible position. I may explain here *most briefly* what I mean.

The Language of Ancient Kerala.

In the first centuries of the Christian era, there were three kingdoms in South India, Chera, Chola and Pandya, which had a common civilization and social life, and which were therefore jointly called "Damurike and Lemurike," and "Tamilakom" by both Greek and Tamil writers of the time. Tamil was the common language of the people in these kingdoms, and all their literature seems to have been written in that language. Kerala was then ruled by a dynasty of Cheraman Perumals, who were not foreign kings but indigenous rulers who had their capital first at Threkarur (N. Travancore) and then at Thiruvanchikulam. The people of Kerala then contributed considerably to Tamil literature, and the best works of the time, *Chilappadikaram*, *Manimekhalai*, and *Pathu Pattu*, for instance, were written by our poets. It is also significant that many of the places mentioned in them are in Malabar and that certain forms found in them are still used as archaisms in modern Malayalam poetry.

Transition from Tamil to Malayalam.

It is not very difficult to trace the evolution of the present Malayalam language. Brahmins were gradually

getting predominance in Malabar, and naturally their Sanskrit began to influence Tamil, though by very slow degrees. The copper-plates granted by the Cheraman Perumals to the Jewish and Syrian Christian colonists sometime between the V and X centuries show evident signs of this tendency. Then came the early works of *Ramacharithom*, *Kannassa Ramayanom*, and *Cheruseri Krishna Gatha*, which are considered the earliest works in Malayalam, and which may be dated somewhere in the XIII or XIV centuries. They indicated an increasing tendency to drop Tamil endings and forms and to introduce Sanskrit words more and more into the language. The *Vattezhuthu* alphabet commonly used in South India from the earliest times began gradually to be supplanted by the *Grantha* characters, which hitherto were used only for writing Sanskrit. This growing tendency to Sanskritize culminated probably in the time of the celebrated poet Ezhuthachan, whose works mark the line of demarcation between the old Tamil dialect and modern Malayalam. The encroachments of Sanskrit still continued unhindered, so much so, that some serious scholars, like Kovunni Nedungadi, have seriously pointed to Sanskrit as the mother of Malayalam. Nevertheless, the common people took centuries to change their old Tamil tongue, and so did the Governments of Kerala. The early Catholic missionaries found it sufficient to print books in Tamil for use on the Western as well as on the Eastern coasts. In fact it was rather recently that the common folk took to reading and writing Malayalam. Not more than a half-century has elapsed since the Travancore and Cochin *sirkars* began to use Malayalam for documents and deeds.

The real causes for this development and differentiation was probably the growing influence of the Sanskritic Brahmins, the decay and disappearance of the Chera dynasty, and the consequent close of the hitherto brisk contact between the two sides of the Western Ghats.

THE PRESENT MALAYALAM.

A close examination of the structure of Malayalam, as it is, will make it patent that Malayalam is but the development of a Tamil dialect. The vocabulary and grammar are almost the same in both, and the slight differences in forms and endings of words and sentences is due to the undue encroachments of Sanskrit. All the European scholars who have observed the language have come to this conclusion. Dr. Caldwell, the great Dravidian scholar, says: "It (Malayalam) might be regarded rather as an ancient dialect of Tamil than as a distinct language." Gundert, the great Malayalam scholar, unhesitatingly remarks: "These two languages (Tamil and Malayalam) differ rather as dialects of the same member of the Dravidian family than as separate languages." Father Hanxleden (Arnos Padri), Fra Bartolomeo, Mr. H.H. Wilson, Dr. Grierson, and other European scholars have also come to the same conclusion. The most eminent of local scholars are also of this opinion. Mr. Ullur Parameswara Aiyar and Dewan Bahadur Govinda Pillai admit it in their writings. It is true some patriotic writers do not like the conclusion; but, as Sir T. Madhava Rao said, "What is not true is not patriotic."

MADRAS,
20—1—17.

P. J. THOMAS.

* * * *

Dear Father Rector,

Will you please allow me to point out an error that has crept into the list of prize-winners published on page 218 of the "Magazine" for December? Under Quarter-mile race for the High Schools, the first prize was won by *James Hieman* of the S. P. G. and not by Paul of St. Joseph's. I hope you will be so good as to have it corrected in the next number of your Magazine.

S. V. DEVASIKAMANI,
Headmaster.

[We regret the error, and are happy to give honour where honour is due. —*Ed.*]

Books.

Books published by Messrs. Ginn & Co., London.

Though these books were not sent to the Editor of the Magazine, we have thought it good to notice them, for we think they can be of use to students of the Madras University.

The New Hudson Shakespeare: The Merchant of Venice, Machbeth, Twelfth Night. These books ought to be a success. The preface describes the edition :—

"Exclusive of changes in spelling, punctuation, and stage directions, very few emendations by eighteenth century and nineteenth century editors have been adopted; and these, with every variation from the First Folio, are indicated in the textual notes. These notes are printed immediately below the text, so that a reader or student may see at a glance the evidence in the case of a disputed reading, and have some definite understanding of the reasons for those differences in the text of Shakespeare which frequently surprise and very often annoy. . . . . In this edition, as in the volumes of the series already published, the chapters entitled Sources, Date of Composition, Early Editions, Diction and Versification, Scene of Action, Duration of Action, Title of the play, Dramatic Construction and Development with Analysis by Act and Scene and Stage History are wholly new. In this edition, too, is introduced a chronological chart, covering the important events of Shakespeare's life as man and as author and indicating in parallel columns his relation to contemporary writers and events".

Other equally valuable editions of English Classics are, *The Athenæum Press Series*: Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Gibbon, by C. F. Emerson and *The Standard English Classics*: 1. The Rape of the Lock, by Pope, edited by T. M. Parrot. This little volume contains Pope's two editions of The Rape of the Lock and the poems most usually prescribed as texts for examination. 2. Sohrab and Rustum. These books are copiously and usefully annotated.

The Mother Tongue, Book 11, is another publication by the same firm. It is a practical course in English composition and ought to be useful to teachers who want guidance in teaching this subject.

Exchanges.

S. P. G. High School Magazine, Dec. 1916.—The Xaverian Annual, Calcutta, 1916.—Our Little Paper, Jan. 17.—The Children's Friend, St. Mary's School, Cuddalore, Jan. 17.—Loyola University Magazine, Chicago, Jan. 17.—Lumina, St. Ignatius College, Cleveland, Ohio, Christmas, 17.—The Noble Leader, Noble College, Masulipatam, Jan. 17.—St. Joseph's College Annual, Bangalore, 16.—The Aloysian, Galle, 16.—St. Mary's, Georgetown, Madras, Xmas, 17.

ERRATUM. Page 15.—For *condè* (*sic.*) read *conté* (*sic.*)

Business Notes.

Subscriptions.—(i) Students, in the College Department, Re. 1 per annum; in the VI Form, As. 8 per annum: payable in two equal instalments to the College Writer, along with the second instalment of the tuition fee. (ii) All others, Rs. 1-8-0 per annum including postage. (iii) Single copies, As. 8.

Management.—Articles or communications of any kind for publication, to be addressed to the Editor of The Magazine, St. Joseph's College; orders, remittances, and advertisements, to the Manager of The Magazine.

Contributions.—The Magazine is devoted to Literature, Science, History, Philosophy Mental and Moral, and in general, to all that may be of use or interest to students, present and past. Special attention is given to moral subjects.

Contributions will be received and published, but (i) only under the sanction of the Editor, whose decision in the matter will be final, and (ii) on the distinct understanding that publication does not imply approval or responsibility. Manuscripts will not be returned.

Advertisements.— Advertisements and Notices approved by the Manager will be inserted on payment, *in advance*, of the following charges :—

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	RS.	AS.	RS.	AS.	RS.	AS.
For a full page ...	4	0	8	0	12	0
For a half page ...	2	0	4	0	6	0
For one-fourth page	1	0	2	0	3	0
For one-eighth page	0	8	1	0	1	8

To Former Pupils, 25 per cent reduction. Advertisements on outside cover, 25 per cent. of the above rates extra.